

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER  
1932

EDITED BY  
LEONARD HUXLEY



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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1932.

## LETTERS FROM AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.<sup>1</sup>

### II.

BY R. N. CAREW HUNT.

THE collection of autographs formed by my great-grandfather, John Wild, about a century ago, of which I have given some account in the preceding article, is particularly rich in letters of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. The first which now claims our attention is an unpublished letter of Gainsborough's, dated from Bath, February 14, 1774, and addressed to Cipriani, 'near the Mewes-Gate, Hedge Lane, Charing Cross.' Cipriani was an Italian who had come to England in 1755. He was a foundation member of the Royal Academy and designed the diploma, engraved by his great friend and compatriot, Bartolozzi, which is still given to academicians and associates. Gainsborough had just returned from a visit to London where he had spent much of his time with the famous violinist, Giardini, with whom he had become acquainted some years before at Ipswich. He was himself a good amateur performer and as he now confesses: 'I have done nothing but fiddle since I came from London, so much was I unsettled by the continual run of Pleasure which my friend Giardini and the rest of you engaged me in, and if it were not for my Family, which one cannot conveniently carry in one's Pocket, I should be often with you, enjoying what I like *up to the Hilt*.' But he was seriously disturbed. While in London he had played a hoax on Giardini and though, since his return to Bath, he had written several letters to him he could get no reply. He shall tell his story in his own words:

'I have wrote two Letters in the little time I have been at Home to Giardini, and the D——l a word can I draw from him, 'tho in my last I fudged up a pretence of wanting a Tune which I left in his Parlour that Abel wrote for me, only to extract a word or two against his will. I'm cursedly afraid that I have afronted him with an old trick of mine, commonly called a *hum*, for you must know

<sup>1</sup> Mention was made of two of the letters referred to in this article—those of Gainsborough and of Sir Walter Scott—in two articles which appeared in *The Times* on September 16 and 17, 1930.

I took it into my Head one Day as I was going in his Chariot with him to insinuate (merely to try his temper, and a damn'd trick it was) that the Picture he has of mine of the Cottage and ragged family was only a *Copy*. I believe you can set him right about that, and he was cunning enough not to seem the least hurt. I repented as I generally do very soon after my folly, and the more so as he has always been the politest creature to me I ever was acquainted with. I wish my Dear Cip you would pump him a little and give me a line. I have a tollerable Picture of another rural subject which I intend for him but I would not have him know it. I beg my best compliments to your genteal and amiable Pupil and his fair Lady, and to Mr. Bartolozzi when you see Him. I should heartily rejoyce to see you all at Bath, and will do my utmost to make the Place agreeable to you.'

It would seem that in some way the trouble was patched up and that Giardini's doubts as to the authenticity of the picture, if indeed he ever seriously entertained any, were set at rest. Unfortunately we cannot say to which of his pictures Gainsborough is here referring. He painted more than one to which this general title might apply. But the hope which he expresses at the end of his letter that his friends will shortly visit him at Bath was not to be fulfilled. A few weeks after our letter was written he decided, it would seem quite suddenly, to move to London. His desire for the larger society which it offered had perhaps become too strong to be any longer resisted.

A few years later, in 1780, there also came to London a man of a very different type—John Newton, the evangelical minister and friend of Cowper. His letter is a characteristic document. It is dated August 16, 1782, and is addressed to a fellow-minister in Leicester. Newton was on many counts a remarkable man. The son of a master in the merchant service he received practically no education and went to sea with his father at the age of eleven. In 1743, through some act of folly, he was impressed on board the *Harwich*, where through his father's influence he was made midshipman. He absented himself without leave, was recaptured and degraded to a common seaman. At Madeira he exchanged on to a slaver which took him off to Sierra Leone. There he entered into the service of a trader on one of the Platane islands, who used him with great brutality. Starved and ill-treated, he sank into a condition of wretchedness in which his only relief was the study of Barrow's Euclid, which he had bought at Plymouth and which

he now set himself to master. In 1747 he was picked up by the captain of a vessel whom his father had asked to look out for him. He confesses that he was at this time in a state of extreme depravity. 'My whole life was a course of horrid impiety and profaneness. I know not that I have ever since met so daring a blasphemer. Not content with common oaths and imprecations, I daily invented new ones, so that I was often seriously reproached by the captain who was himself a very passionate man and not at all circumspect in his expressions.' On board the ship was an edition of Thomas à Kempis which he read with indifference. But a violent storm which soon afterwards broke out was to make a more powerful impression and the 'conversion' which he dates from this incident gave his life a new direction. For some years he stuck to the sea as mate and then captain of a slaver. He had no doubts as to the morality of this undertaking, but he maintained a high standard among his crew to whom twice on every Sunday he read the liturgy. He now set himself seriously to complete his education and on successive voyages he grounded himself in the principal Latin authors. In 1755 he came under the influence of Whitefield and in 1764 he was ordained and was presented to the living of Olney in Buckinghamshire. Three years later Cowper and Mary Unwin settled there.

Newton's treatment of Cowper was inspired by every good intention. For thirteen months he kept him at the Parsonage, nursing him with great devotion during the terrible crisis through which Cowper passed in the years 1772 and 1773. But the nature of the malady lay beyond the power of Newton's sympathy to discern and the state of religious exaltation in which he lived created the worst possible atmosphere for his friend. In 1780 a hooligan element in Olney raised a disturbance provoked by Newton's attempt to suppress the customary celebrations upon Guy Fawkes' Day. Newton left to become Vicar of St. Mary Woolnoth in Lombard Street. The story of his life published in the *Authentic Narrative* of 1764, combined with a certain gift for preaching, soon made him a notable figure. His successors at Olney were to have a difficult task. But in spite of his theology he was, in fact, remarkably tolerant of the views of others and had a sincere dislike of the party labels of religion. He lingered on to an extreme old age, preaching his last sermon in 1806 for the relief of the survivors from Trafalgar. His body, buried in the church, was later removed to Olney, but a tablet on the north side of the altar bears his self-composed epitaph: 'John Newton, Clerk, once an infidel and

libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was by the rich mercy of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, preserved, restored, pardoned and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy.'

'I bless God I feel myself to be where I ought to be. In the Establishment—& in London. The Lord has afforded me many comfortable evidences that he led me hither, & many encouragements since I came. Poor Mr. Scott! The seeds of the evil which seized him at Olney were sown before I left. I believe they grew faster by Mr. Pages watering than they might have otherwise done, but had I staid there much longer I must have reaped the crop. But Mr. Scott *likewise* knows the Lord placed him in his post, & hopes to get good by it. I think there will either be a new work take place in Olney, or the Minister they have dared to treat with so much disrespect & unkindness will be removed by and by. As to myself I had more uneasiness as a Minister in one month while in the country, than during the whole time I have been in town—or rather I have hardly had a single cause of uneasiness since I came.

'My eyes long to see you in London for I have little hope of seeing you in Leicester. I could show you some excellent people here. We have some in our Congregation at Mary Woolnoth, whom I deem first-rate Christians—& I like them not the worse for not being all of one colour. I know not any one point in which I have greater hopes of usefulness, than in battering down the *separation walls* which so often hinder the people of God from seeing & knowing each other. Methinks I see them fall like the walls of Jericho flat down to the ground. Many of my hearers have mutually wondered at each other & thought How came you here? I never suspected you would bear to hear a Calvinist. I little thought of seeing Mr. Such an one within the Church doors. Sometimes these strangers get acquainted. One has told me—If it be Calvinism you preach, I can hardly see wherein we differ. Another has found out to his great surprize that an Arminian may be a Christian, & so on. I endeavour to keep all Shibboleths, & forms & terms of distinction out of sight, as we keep knives & razors out of the way of children, & if my hearers had not other means of information, I think they would not know from me that there are such creatures as Arminians or Calvinists in the World. But we talk a good deal about Christ . . . & how fervently they who love *him* ought to love one another.'

Our next letter is a very long one written by the poet, Thomas Campbell, to Dr. Currie, the biographer of Burns, and dated June 14, 1802. In 1799 Campbell had published his *Pleasures of Hope*, and in the following year he had gone abroad. Early in 1802 he came



to London to find work. He was, as he says in this letter, extremely badly off. But Lord Minto, who was living at the time in Stratton Street, came to his assistance. 'Finding,' he says, 'that I saw nothing of Mr. Campbell and thinking that I should be able to do more for him if he were known to be more connected with me, I have given him one of my spare rooms. This will save him a good deal of money, and I shall at the same time be able to make him known to my friends.' It was really exceedingly kind of Lord Minto, for he was a man of great possessions, and he did not at all share the enthusiasm of his guest for the principles of the French Revolution. It would seem that Dr. Currie had taken advantage of Campbell's new abode to try to obtain some inside information regarding the quarrel between Minto (Sir George Elliot as he then was) and Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Moore which had taken place in Corsica a few years before and had created some considerable stir.

In 1784 the British Government, then at war with France, had been invited by General Paoli to assume the protectorate of Corsica. Elliot was appointed viceroy and was given control over the army then under the command of General Stuart. The arrangement was an impossible one and Stuart, declining to accept it, withdrew to England. Moore, who was adjutant-general, felt strongly that the island could only be held with the goodwill of the inhabitants whose idol was Paoli. Elliot, on the other hand, gave his whole support to Paoli's factious political opponent, Pozzo di Borgo. Moore found himself in a most difficult position. He was responsible for the discipline of the Corsican forces, but his advice was never asked and when offered was rejected. An absurd incident brought matters to a crisis. A ball was to be given at a public building in Ajaccio in Elliot's honour. While superintending the decoration of the ballroom his Corsican aide-de-camp, Colonna, caught sight of a bust of Paoli and being of the opposite party he fell upon it and broke it in pieces. In vain did Pozzo di Borgo, anxious to avoid a scandal, hastily substitute another bust of the general. The matter was not to be hushed up and great indignation was aroused among the Paolists. Instead of holding an enquiry as he should have done, Elliot accepted Colonna's word that he had no part in the business. A few weeks later Moore paid a long-deferred visit to Paoli. Elliot interpreted this as an act of disloyalty, gave him forty-eight hours in which to leave the island and sent a dispatch to London upon the conduct of his subordinate, which would probably have broken the career of any other officer.

Actually the incident did Moore no harm. He was, upon the whole, well received by the authorities and was soon afterwards promoted brigadier-general. Campbell was not able to satisfy Currie's curiosity. But it is clear that greatly as he appreciated his debt to Minto his sympathies in this particular case were with Moore.

'General Moore's whole conduct seems to have been *unexceptionable*. Strange that a man so amiable in domestic life, so liberal in his conversation and (I can speak now from pretty intimate acquaintance) so truly the gentleman as Lord Minto should, in Corsica, have forgotten all his former mildness and behaved to the best and bravest of men with all the severity of a tyrant. You know my opinion of General Moore. I declare the very countenance of that man seems a passport to ones veneration, and since the day I was introduced to him, I have never thought of him but with esteem and enthusiasm. With regard to Lord Minto, I am so little of a Godwinist as to feel attached to him from motives that have nothing to do with patriotism or public utility. I know that he is a Burkite, a Tory, a War-maker, but without one particle of sympathy for his political feelings I regard him as a worthy private character, a scholar and a gentleman. He knows my politics and values me not the less on that account; he has made me his companion, his confidant, I may say, his friend. Ingratitude is not the sin which doth most easily beset me. . . . He literally *sought me out* in London, gave me a very liberal loan of money, when the rascally behaviour of my Edinburgh booksellers had reduced me to the necessity of coming upon terms with one of the tribe in London for literary fagging. He did not offer me the use of his Lodgings but pressed them upon me as the means of being more frequently in my society. He has endeavour'd to make all his own friends mine . . . and altho' the grandees of his acquaintance have not like himself charity enough to forgive my Jacobinism, yet I am sure their cold reception gave him uneasiness. Added to all those instances of benevolent zeal for my welfare, his behaviour has been uniformly respectful and delicate.'

Campbell goes on to give an account of some of his London acquaintances, and his portrait of William Godwin, Shelley's father-in-law, is of especial interest. Godwin was the son of a dissenting minister and was brought up in the strictest sect of the Calvinists. For a short time he acted as minister at Ware, but in 1782 he shed his religious opinions and settled in London, where, in 1793, he published his *Political Justice*. In 1797 he married Mary Woolstonecroft, who died in the same year after giving birth to a



daughter, Mary. Four years later he married a Miss Clairmont, who had commended herself to him by exclaiming upon the first occasion in which she found herself in his presence: 'Is it possible that my eyes behold the immortal Godwin,' though after their marriage she revised this estimate and ruled him with a rod of iron. In 1813 Shelley, acting upon the principles which Godwin has so steadfastly proclaimed, eloped with his daughter, and in the correspondence which followed the philosopher appears to little advantage, being clearly not insensible to the advantage of an alliance with the heir to a large property. His *Life of Chaucer*, for which he received £300, appeared in 1803.

As for Mrs. Opie, she was a Miss Amelia Alderson, who had married John Opie, the portrait painter, in 1798. In 1801 she published her first novel, *Father and Daughter*, which went through several editions. In 1822 she was received into the Society of Friends and was thereafter obliged to desist from writing fiction and to confine herself to poems and works of an improving character, of which she published a large number. At the time when our letter was written she was a prominent member of the literary circle which included Godwin. She had professed an unbounded admiration for Mary Woolstonecroft, and Godwin himself is said to have thought of asking her to marry him.

'I have met with few new literary characters since I had the pleasure of writing you. I have seen Godwin if he deserves that name. A foolish good-natur'd admirer of his and friend of mine, zealous that we should be acquainted, absolutely shoved us upon each other. I thought his conversation highly season'd with insipidity. He is lately married to a lady only similar to Mary in her failings, a woman who has produced both books and children in a state of philosophical freedom. He is studying black letter antiquities and is scribbling away at the life of Chaucer in *the full vigour of his incapacity*. Mrs. Opie keeps at our West end of the town what Johnson keeps at St. Paul's, a sort of Menagerie of live Authors at her levees. She has done me the honour of inviting me frequently and given me the sight of several he and she wonders in the writing world. But this system of gossiping and conversaciones and coteries of literature are surely a mark of declining taste. A man of sterling worth never condescends to belong to a school—no, not even to be the master of it. This idea struck me like a flash of lightning in a late meeting where a gang of literati were sitting in consultation on the Lord knows what, settling every point of metaphysical criticism, blaming everything, agreeing in nothing,

constant to no topic but floundering over the whole surface of erudition. Sick of the cant of criticism I look'd round the room for some object to attract my distracted attention. The majestic face of Milton was suspended over the chimney. I put up a temporary prayer to the Arch-angel of Poetry. I thought there was a look of contempt on his very picture. It was not in tattling communities like this that Milton's model of taste was formed. Yet how would the Great Man have schowld with indignation to have heard his own works censured by the mouths of *Wilings and Critikins*.'

We will conclude with a short letter by Sir Walter Scott, dated Portsmouth, October 25, 1831. It is the letter of a very sick man, destined to return to his country only to die; a number of words are repeated twice over and the handwriting, never very easy to read, has now become almost illegible. In the April of that year he had paid the price of years of over-strain with a paralytic seizure. He continued to work against great physical difficulties and completed *Castle Dangerous* and the long-suspended *Count Robert of Paris*. In the summer he yielded to his doctors and decided to winter at Naples where his son was attached to the legation. As soon as this decision had become known, the Government placed a frigate, the *Barham*, at his disposal. On September 23 he left Abbotsford and reached London a week later. On October 23 he set out for Portsmouth where the *Barham*, under Captain Hugh Pigot, awaited him. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir James Graham, had himself journeyed to Portsmouth with his secretary to make sure that nothing had been neglected which might contribute to the sick man's comfort. For some days Scott was held up by bad weather, but on the 26th the *Barham* sailed. Our letter was written on the day before he left England and contains certain final instructions. 'I have been delayed here by foul winds since Sunday but flatter myself we shall sail to-morrow. I have to communicate to you a small commission which I hope will not be very troublesome.' His correspondent, David Arnot, is to send a copy of the *Pirate* to Dr. Scott of the Haslar Hospital at Portsmouth and 'a set of the Waverley Novels to the young Gentlemen following their naval studies under the charge of Captain Lawrence with the author's affectionate compliments and to continue the same Delivery to Captain Lawrence of the Naval Academy as long as the publication goes on.' Having made this offering to the naval cadets he left England and as far as is known our letter is the last which he ever wrote in this country.

## THE CONQUEROR OF ARABIA.

BY DOUGLAS V. DUFF.

THE Moslem Holy Land of the Hedjaz remains, as ever, still closed to the world at large, and, although it lies close to one of the most frequented routes in the world—nearly all the traffic between Europe and the Far East passes close to its front door, the port of Jedda—practically nothing is known of the interior of that most mysterious and sacred land. A few Europeans have travelled through it of recent years, but these have all had to conform, at least apparently, to the religion of Islam. It may therefore be of interest to give an account of a professedly 'Infidel' group, who were there in 1924 as the guests of its ruler.

The Hedjaz was conquered a few years ago by the Wahabite prince, Abdul Aziz ibn Saoud, ruler of the Nejd, a country in the far interior of the Arabian Desert. Besides being a great ruler, he is also the head of the very numerous and growing religious sect of the Wahabis, a reformation of the Moslem Faith, who have gone back to the primitive observance of their religion, living strictly according to the literal instructions of the Prophet. It is death amongst them to indulge in alcoholic liquors or to use tobacco in any form, and a failure to observe the regular hours of prayer is an offence which receives severe punishment.

Like all religious reformers, they are bigoted and fanatical in the observance of the letter of the law, and have nothing but contempt, allied to a fierce zeal for their conversion, towards the other members of Islam who have lapsed from the strict and literal observance of the tenets of their great founder. Consequently they look with no tolerant or friendly eye on their laxer brethren in the surrounding Moslem countries. More especially are they opposed to public prayer in the *jama'as* (mosques), which have been erected in every town, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were restrained from destroying the Holy Places; every Wahabi should pray wherever the call to prayer should find him. The building and embellishment of places of public worship approached in their eyes perilously close to the abhorred sin of idolatry.

To this religious fanaticism was added the fact that their prince was at blood-feud with the Sherifian family of Hashim, who had, after the War, become rulers over several of the Arab countries, the father, Hussein, King of the Hedjaz, being succeeded, on his flight to Cyprus with a huge private fortune, by his eldest son, Ali; one son, Feisal, was first King of Damascus, and, when expelled from that city after an ill-advised war with the French, was placed on the new throne of Iraq by Great Britain; another son, Abdullah, also under the ægis of Britain, is Emir of Transjordan. This blood-feud of the Wahabi leader and the fierce scorn that the desert men entertained for the Hashimite acceptance of their dignities from the hated Christian infidel Powers, made war between them inevitable. The hour struck, the Wahabis choosing a time when it was most improbable that Great Britain would support her erstwhile ally, and the Hedjaz was overrun by swarms of the fierce and fanatical riders from Nejd, inflamed with hatred against the Sherifian monarch and his Government. City after city fell before them, tribe after tribe made their submission, and, when offered the traditional choice between observance of the reformed religion or death, chose the former alternative, and helped to swell the Wahabi ranks, until all Hedjaz was theirs, with the exception of the port of Jedda, where King Ali still contrived to maintain a precarious foothold.

In pursuance of the same feud, and zeal for conversion, they had also invaded the territory of Transjordan, a country under British mandate, but governed by the Emir Abdullah. They were severely defeated by the latter's troops, under Peake Pasha, a British officer who had been one of Lawrence's men, and detachments of Royal Air Force armoured-cars and aeroplanes, and withdrew to the fastnesses of their native Nejd. Frontier raiding in great strength however, still proceeded, and there was, in addition, the ever-present danger of a fresh invasion, which, if successful, would probably sweep over the Jordan and up to the very walls of Jerusalem, and thence on to the sea coast, deluging Palestine in blood, and dealing an irreparable blow to British prestige throughout the East. Such a victory by Bedouin tribesmen over the armed might of England would have the gravest repercussions in India and Egypt. It was essential for her to have a prompt and satisfactory understanding with the Wahabi prince.

The late Brigadier-General Sir Gilbert Clayton, who later died when High Commissioner in Iraq, was chosen as the envoy. He

spoke Arabic and several other Near Eastern languages perfectly, and, what is infinitely greater, had a sympathy with, and a knowledge of, the Arab nature, such as few Westerners have ever possessed, besides being very popular and highly respected by them. With a small staff of four Europeans he sailed from Port Sudan in one of the Red Sea sloops for Jedda, which was, at that time, in a state of siege, King Ali making his last stand before the all-conquering Wahabi hordes. The British consul told Sir Gilbert that Ibn Saoud had agreed to receive him at his camp, situated seventeen kilometres westwards from the holy city of Mecca, a considerable distance inland. Two automobiles, a Dodge and a Ford, the only effective ones in the country outside Jedda, had been sent to convey him and his party, by the prince, King Ali having given a safe-conduct for their passage through his lines.

Next morning the cars were ready at the doors of the Consulate. Sir Gilbert and one officer rode in the Dodge, the other three and the personal servants being crowded into the Ford. All went well whilst they were in the streets of the city, but when they had passed the lines of besiegers and defenders, difficulties began to be encountered on the sandy track that lay beyond. The cars were continually stopping in the heavy sand, the wheels rapidly revolving but only serving to dig the cars further in. The Wahabi ruler had stationed parties of his warriors along the route and whenever this occurred, there were plenty of willing hands to push the cars on to firmer ground. As many Bedouins as could find a foothold, packed themselves on the running-boards of the two cars, ready to jump off and push whenever necessity arose, and, at a speed of eight or nine miles an hour the convoy 'sped' towards its destination.

Before landing at Jedda, Sir Gilbert had ordered his staff not to take any alcohol or tobacco into the interior, as this would have been a grave discourtesy to their hosts. On their arrival at the camp, they were met by several of the dignitaries and sheikhs, who had been sent by the prince to receive them and to conduct them to their tents. To their surprise, bottles of wine and cigarettes, both Turkish and the ubiquitous 'Players,' were in each tent, and this in a camp where it was death for any person to use them. The major-domo, a fat notable from Mecca, who later proved none too strict a Wahabi in the matter of indulging in the forbidden luxury, told Sir Gilbert, on being asked the reason for the presence of the articles, that the Sultan Ibn Saoud, the Favoured One of

Allah, would think it shame to force his guests to conform to his own religious precepts, and added that it had taken a party of camel-men forty days' ride in each direction to bring the wine and tobacco from Damascus. A small ice-making plant had also been installed, with a Damascene mechanic to operate it, for the benefit of the delegation. The tents themselves were magnificent, the very best that Arabia could provide; thick Shirazi and Persian carpets covered the sandy floors, and the city of Mecca had been forced to provide its very best furniture to make Sir Gilbert comfortable.

The Wahabi camp was huge, arranged in the form of a rough square, the sides of which were three miles and more in length. They were told that there were some 500,000 warriors present, all of whom had professed the Wahabi creed and were bent on the expulsion of the last trace of Hashimite domination from the country. New tribes were continually arriving and making their submission to the conquering Sultan. There was, at times, difficulty and friction with these new arrivals, especially with the more powerful leaders, but Ibn Saoud had a very efficient and fanatically obedient bodyguard, who carried out their leader's will unhesitatingly and without compunction, and any trouble-maker soon found that it was very much to his advantage to submit.

After having met the prince and presented his credentials, Sir Gilbert and his staff were invited to attend the daily court that Ibn Saoud held each morning. They made a rule of doing so on every occasion in order to show their respect for their guest and to obtain information of the state of feeling amongst the Wahabis. Besides receiving the submissions and oaths of fealty from newly arrived sheikhs and emirs, the prince, sitting outside his tent, dressed in simple Bedouin style, *hatta* and *egal* on head, enveloped in a black *abiya*, listened to petitions, redressed grievances, settled disciplinary matters and heard criminal cases, for amongst such a vast concourse of fighting-men there were bound to be many thieves and rogues.

Stationed behind the prince were the members of his bodyguard, a special picked few close to him, who in addition to their ordinary arms carried heavy *kurbajes*, the terrible Eastern hide whip, acting as the ministers of his justice. A most imposing sight this bodyguard, all selected for their height and prowess in war, to match their leader, who is himself six feet four inches in height; armed with sword, silver-hilted dagger, and rifle slung



over their shoulders. With their black beards, majestic carriage, and fierce dark eyes they made a retinue of which any monarch on earth might have been proud. A few of the most important sheikhs stood near Ibn Saoud, who sat on a rug, and with Sir Gilbert were most interested spectators of the prince's justice, even-handed, scrupulously fair, carried out in the manner dictated by the letter of the Koran, yet ruthless in its severity.

One morning a man was brought before him, a Meccan city man, looking oddly out of place amongst the grim warriors of the open desert. His accusers stood forward and stated that they had caught him, red-handed, in their tents attempting to steal their goods. The stolen property was produced as well as other articles which some of the surrounding tribesmen identified as their property; the guilt of the criminal was proved. Ibn Saoud sternly asked him what he had to say in his own defence. The wretch, casting himself at the prince's feet, whimpered for mercy, stating that he had never stolen before and that he would never do so again. The sentence was passed, the usual one amongst Bedouin tribesmen, who have no prisons in which to detain their criminals—amputation of the right hand, and an intimation that the next conviction would entail the loss of his life.

The next case that morning was more grave. Another man, a Medina townsman, three women in city clothes, their faces unveiled, on which tears and terror had raddled the paint and *kohl*, and half a dozen Arab warriors were brought before Ibn Saoud. The man was charged with being a procurer of women and a smuggler of the forbidden spirit, *arak*, the women with being of bad character; the warriors faced the triple charges of gross immorality, drinking alcoholic liquors, and neglecting the evening call to prayer. If he was to maintain discipline in such a vast horde of tribesmen, it was necessary for the prince to inflict the severest penalties, making a stern example. The man was sentenced to death, the women to be ignominiously scourged from the camp with the promise of death if they ever dared to return, two of the warriors were sentenced to death, the remainder to fifty strokes of the *kurbaj*, and expulsion from the camp.

From day to day the negotiations between Sir Gilbert and the Sultan proceeded. The weeks passed and a suitable agreement was at last in sight when an incident occurred which came close to wrecking the conference. It was Sir Gilbert's custom, when the great heat of the day was past, to take a stroll, accompanied

by one of his officers. One evening, towards the close of the negotiations, in the course of the evening walk, he and an officer were crossing a piece of land in front of the tents of a newly arrived tribe, when the sheikh and some of his men came up to them in the most threatening and hostile manner, started shouting at and abusing him with some of the filthiest epithets of which the prolific Arab language is capable. Sir Gilbert kept wonderfully cool and ordered his companion to follow his example. Both were, of course, unarmed; it would have been useless in any case to carry weapons in such a vast assembly, if the Arabs had intended the delegation any harm. He asked the sheikh to kindly explain in what manner he had offended him. It appeared that, unwittingly, they had crossed the piece of land that the sheikh had chosen as the praying-place of his tribe and that he considered the land defiled by the pressure of an infidel foot, and accused Sir Gilbert and the officer of wanton sacrilege.

Despite the Englishman's protest and apology, the situation grew very ugly, and it became apparent that they were likely to be murdered by the anger-maddened sheikh and his tribesmen. Swords began to flash among the mob and daggers were being drawn when a young Arab of the tribe sprang before them and facing his sheikh, said:

'Oh, Sheikh, remember before you slay, these two *Roumis* are the Sultan's guests, and under his safe-conduct. If we harm them he will demand their blood at our hands.'

He was roughly bidden to stand aside and not try to thwart the legitimate purposes of his elders. The young man, however, persisted, and desperately kept calling out to his companions in the crowd:

'Some of you young warriors, come to me and help me to defend these two *Roumis*; if they have done wrong we can submit our complaint to the Sultan and he will give us justice. It is true we should obey our sheikh, but here in the camp, we owe it to the Sultan to protect his guests. You have heard the *Inglezi* lord state that he trespassed in error and ask our pardons for what he had done. Therefore stand by me and let them go unharmed or the Sultan's vengeance will exterminate our whole tribe and we shall only be remembered as the victims of his terrible justice.'

In answer to his frantic appeal, some of the younger warriors ranged themselves alongside him, and sword and dagger in hand, prepared to defend the persons of the two foreigners. This gave



the sheikh pause for a moment. Before he could recover and order an instant attack, a party of the bodyguard were seen approaching, fully armed, acting a sort of camp police. Under their escort, after thanking the young warrior and his companions, and apologising to the furious and disappointed sheikh, Sir Gilbert and the officer returned to their tents.

Sir Gilbert did not mention the incident to Ibn Saoud, but the leader of the bodyguard must have done so, as, the next morning, when the usual court was being held, he saw the sheikh and some of the tribesmen of the previous evening's encounter, haled before the prince. Tremblingly they addressed their dreaded chieftain :

'May your morning be blessed, my Lord Prince.'

'May your mornings be accursed, may fire, lightning and dung be thrown in your faces, O sons of filth,' replied the prince. 'Knew ye not that these honourable gentlemen are my guests and under my protection ?'

'No, lord,' answered the unfortunate sheikh, 'we did not know that they were your guests. These Infidels trespassed on our praying-ground and defiled it.'

'*Kelb, wa ibn el Kelb* (Dog and son of a dog),' roared the enraged Ibn Saoud, almost leaping from his seat in his anger, 'how could *Roumis* be in this camp if they were not my guests, and since when has a free Arab of the true Faith had a special praying-ground ? By the Prophet, on whose name be peace, you will be building me a mosque here, in the centre of my camp, if I do not watch you. The whole world is the praying-ground of a True Believer. Let me hear no more talk of praying-grounds.'

He then ordered the sheikh and two dozen of his tribesmen to receive fifty lashes of the *kurbaj*, and then called the young man who had stood Sir Gilbert's friend, and said :

'Come here, my son, you have done very well and have preserved my honour from a grievous stain. What should I have been able to say if these gentlemen, my guests, had been murdered in my camp whilst they were here under my safe-conduct ? Would not all the world have said that Abdul Aziz ibn Saoud was a prince without honour and a foul, murdering dog, on whose plighted word no reliance could be placed, and who slew the guests in his camp ? Truly, my son, you have done well. Go to my *reis el melieh* (treasurer), take as many gold-pieces as you can hold in both hands, then off to Mecca and buy yourself such a wife as men dream about. Hereafter you, and the young men who stood

by you, in defence of my guests, against their own sheikh, shall have their places in my bodyguard, and you shall be the chief over them.'

The young man went away delighted with the honours that the Sultan had poured upon him. The appointment to the bodyguard, one highly desired by all and more than he had ever hoped to obtain, was his, together with the prince's favour and a double-handful of gold pieces. Sir Gilbert pleaded for mercy for the sheikh and his companions, but Ibn Saoud was too enraged against them to even entertain the thought.

Shortly afterwards, the agreement having been signed, in which the Sultan agreed not to attack the dominions of Feisal and Abdullah, a promise that he has loyally kept, the delegation took its departure after several days of feasting and jubilation in celebration of the new Treaty. They were loaded down with gifts, even the Berberine cook, Ahmet Jibrin, 'Hadji,' by virtue of this journey (in his off-duty time he had carried out the prescribed prayers and exercise in the near-by Holy City), receiving a gold-ornamented *abiya* and as many sovereigns as his cupped two hands could hold. The rest received gifts in proportion to their rank, Sir Gilbert receiving a magnificent Nejdi blood mare, the first of her race to leave her country—stallions had reached the outside world before, but never a mare of the famous strain—and all filled with the liveliest sense of the courtesy, loyalty, and chivalry of the powerful King of the Desert, who had been their considerate and hospitable host.

## BORN OF WINE.

BY EILEEN B. THOMPSON.

IT must have been the Barsac, a wine gentle enough. Certainly before I had begun to drink there was nothing that could not be seen with the eye—the bright spotted quay of Saint-Tropez, dyed keels of wine-ships and the bay's intense blue turning into evening flame. I liked that sombre café on the harbour, liked its darkness better than the blue and yellow of a hybrid tea-room further on. Its clatter was so French; all the drift talk of the little port gathered round it, and if the foreign artists sauntered in and out, and drew attention to themselves and to their wares, they did it in the lingo, and the sailors also came. So almost every sunset drew me there, to sit outside when the sun shone warm, inside if the mistral blew; for that wind flies at Saint-Tropez with the chill of both snow and sea. Inside, the café gives almost as good a view as without, if one has a table against the big spaced window, and I used to stay on by the hour, drinking sometimes, but mostly watching the coloured *bérets* pass, bobbing on habitant and *hivernant* alike, letting myself be beckoned by those blue and ancient hills of 'les Montagnes des Maures' which lie across the bay.

It is the wayfarer's privilege to draw threads out of the places he visits, and on that particular coast he can weave them into pattern at a transient sight. No region has more of them: they lie obviously over the country, drawn out of the centuries at its back. It amused me to gather the ends of them, when walking, out of the past, Roman, Phœnician, Moor; out of the present while sitting on the quay, those strands which are brought by sailors, trading wine and cork in distant ports.

One of these ends had been tingling in my fingers all that day. I had spent it tramping the shore from a point past Saint-Tropez to the long beach of Pampelone, following an old sea path which at intervals had clumps of classic pines growing above cliffs like those we see in epic song. Countries always seem to lose their own gods by the sea: they yield to the cult of every invader and guest. Whatever local powers had altars in the hidden woods of Var, that path of the sea felt Greek as does all the unspoiled Mediter-

ranean coast. My mind went adrift on a halcyon day—even words take on legends there, for halcyon is an unthought-of word in valleys back in the hills—and sirens sang in grape-stained purple pools among the rocks. All the Greek I did not know floated in a luminous belt lying off the cliffs like a planet's ring, and when I ate my luncheon under an umbrella of pines, their branches held an antique laughter that was not born of the sap. Later in the day, the hard road to Ramatuelle and the long climb up its hill banished the gods . . . Moor and Provençal peeped out of *those* gates . . . and at the end weary feet and dry lips brought me unmusing to my café. But a dream may have remained to be wakened again by the wine.

Of course I had noticed the boy. He worked in a nearby bank where I had my account, and I had often seen him wandering on the quay; his red hair and blue eyes were bound to mark him in that dark-hued throng. He had a curious little strut, too, that someone passing said was Highland, but that was beyond my ken; there was certainly nothing significant in his looks. I think it was his French which first drew me; it had a slight Canadian accent which he was doing his best to lose.

My French is of books not of streets, and at forty, though a man may feel the cadence of a language he can only read, his muscles are too stiff to reproduce it with his tongue. But the boy could: all the lilt and vowels of it poured through his mobile lips. He avoided English: I noticed that to those who spoke it to him in the bank he gave the briefest answers, but after work I would see him chattering with the natives, bareheaded or in a *béret* as vivid as their own. One day, quite idly, I tried him in French. His whole face lit up: he must have seen through my stilted clumsiness that I had knowledge of the tongue. That began it, for we met in another talk and he told me things.

It was true. He did come from Cape Breton, and his people, generations ago, from the Hebrides. He had been sent to Paris to study, and money coming to an end almost before he had begun, when he was offered a beginning in the little private bank of Saint-Tropez he had taken it and had been there a little over a year.

A reserved and natural tale, why should the boy have made me wonder as he did every day the more through that solitary March? The mould of his speech maybe, the way he used adjectives, each one of them as if felt for the first time, the quick flush of his red face in response to some comment of mine. 'You've seen that too?' he cried when I spoke of the transparency of light

which comes between the wind and rain in Var. There was something too in the manner he flung himself into French that made it seem an escape, as if he were feeling and thinking sensations unknown to his mist-bound youth. His abandonment as he stood to the sun, intaking its every licence which must have mingled strangely with the virginal coolness of his natural thought. He was drinking in the *midi*, body and mind.

What makes one curious of a stranger? A slumbering life in the eye or on the lips? Incongruity always, a walk or cadence of voice that is not explained by the seen environment, exactly that which draws interest in a country—a Saracen head on a figure of Christ. Sometimes it is only an impression as when one smells narcissi on the wind. And then I want the flowers. And if ever dreams and intents give out fragrance Graeme Chisholm had them, secretive youngster of a bank clerk that he was. He could be as careful as he liked when speaking English, watching every utterance for betrayal, but no one swims out freely on the waves of another language without a knowledge of the waters of his own. Perhaps it was unfair to set a trap for him, so innocently to ask his aid in rendering a paragraph of nerve-wrought English into French. Then to see him nose for 'le mot juste' like a hound on scent. But it began our talk on words, I diffuse as usual, he questioning, short and almost arrogant. Not that he knew literature; he did not, except for a few old-fashioned classics a Scotch dominie had taught him in one of the almost legendary wooden schoolhouses of his home. It was language he followed, as if he wanted every twist and diversity of it to serve ideas that came straight from observation and sensation into himself. His screen was becoming thin. And one noon when the wind blew some papers out of his pocket, I knew they were not letters and why his ears had blushed when I gathered them and put them in his hand. Myself am a failure in the world of written words, but I love them more than gold. I went to sleep that night, excited and dreaming, murmuring utterly absurdly and without cause that silly pregnant phrase, 'What porridge had John Keats?'

There was nothing more to it than that. I did not even speak to him nor see him when he came to the café that evening as I sat there after my walk, wanting only my customary table and drink. When I noticed him he was perched on a table just outside, his half-back turned to me, and he was reading a letter, not for the first time; its envelope had slipped to the ground within my seeing;

it had a Canadian stamp. My wine was brought and poured before I saw he had put down the letter and was looking across the gulf, such a long, long look in the set young face, a whole soul in its gaze. It went past the shops, over the fire-finned waves (the sunset had died on the hills and entered the sea) into the opposite shore, way up its slopes to the tiny hill town of Grimaud whose lights were beginning to show; further still into the dark recesses of the mountains beyond. As I said before, Barsac is a harmless wine, even when one is weary and after a long fast, not nearly so heady as the colours by the quay. I can only tell you that I drank it, with eyes on the boy and on the hills . . . and then . . . and then . . . without moving or willing it, sitting there, my fingers on my glass, I lost it . . . lost the café . . . lost Saint-Tropez . . . its harbour and the sailors loading wine, lost the flaming hour and coming night . . . and saw. . .

A bright, translucent noon of March which the mistral sometimes brings when it begins to blow, and on the road to Grimaud, running north and straight from the gulf, the young and determined figure of Graeme Chisholm mounting its steep. His whole body was light under the sun, and the wind was blowing quick, strong colours into his brain and blood. A year ago and Graeme had not known the sun. He had lived with it, of course, in mists and through foliaged summers of his own land, had seen it as winter brilliancy on snow, but never had he felt it run naked in his very inside or seen it pervade an unprotected earth. Now as he climbed the hill its power poured into every recess of his mind and bone. A break in the road made him pause and turn. Below, the gulf that in the earlier morning he had seen whipped into fierce blues and greens was now a blue and distant plain, across it shone the white fronts of Saint-Tropez, and just visible in the ridge of hills above hung the little high village of Grassis whose ring of lights at night made it one with the stars. Around him rolled bare vineyards, each twisted root of them an isolate growth in the gleaming air; on all sides sprung little rounded woods of cork and pine where every separate needle was varnished by the mistral and the sun. He stood and stared. It was all so lately familiar, the warm pink-and-yellow houses with their splotches of blue (was blue the cheapest paint in France?), the tiled barns and walled-in farmyards—he had seen a peacock spreading its tail on one of them that morning, a print of the Orient on Provençal stone—but what was it which



came out of the scene and penetrated so deeply within him, opening shielded doors? He felt and wondered.

'Twelve months ago and I did not even understand its tongue. All I knew of French was learnt in school or from one summer in Quebec when I trailed bush and lake and met the habitants—a dark and ingrowing patois theirs which my people at home despise. Two months in Paris meant nothing, nothing but new sights and crowds. Only since coming to the Mediterranean have I found myself speaking it, encircled by it, living it. The country's possessing me, its talk, in vineyard or in bank, this arid, pungent maquis, this light which sharpens every colour with an uncompromising diamond edge. Now as I walk the hills I am free in it, free because I know the language and all the little paths and roads are mine.'

Deeply his eyes embraced the whole sweep of the land to the sea, and he turned again to his climb. Grimaud stood straight above, a conical hill compactly circled by ancient roofs and walls and on its top a fairy-tale of a ruin with uneven arches and two high broken towers. Graeme thought the stone greyer and mistier than in the houses below—it *was* a fairy-tale—had not someone told him it was the original birthplace of Puss in Boots, the real founder of the Grimaldi family . . . Grimaud . . . Grimaldi . . . Grimalkin? Why not? All this land around him had been held by the Saracen ogre. He was only just learning the legends and stories hidden behind walls, only beginning to see the ghostly procession winding down from every rock-perched keep.

If the boy had known it he was not out of the picture himself with his fair face and proud little strut, his curious troubadour 'make-believe' that turns any day into a story or quest. When he reached the town the quiet of the *midi* was on the worn tiles and the streets, only mangy, half-starved cats and dogs slunk out of narrow cobbled alleys. For some reason that day the windy ruins and queer Romanesque church did not attract him, he did not want detailed interiors and he decided to cut across the lower wall and seek the woods. But first he would buy a bottle of wine. There were numerous little wine-shops, one just off the highway. Suddenly, breaking the noon rest, came the sound of a man singing. Graeme approached the sound and through the open door of a café saw the singer. He was sitting on a table among a group of midday loungers, letting the lilt and rollick of his song roll out of the room into the empty street. Graeme recognised it as an old Provençal song. He leaned against a corner of the street wall and listened.

The refrain was caught up in the air and began to beat in waves against him, making those hidden pools that are almost beyond consciousness ripple with delight. Provence, Provence! all its sun and wind were in that melody, but why did it nestle so closely in him, tempting him to follow it back to its birth and make more songs like to it? His grandfather once told him some far-back Highland ancestors had crossed to France, sworn fealty to her lords and sung in her courts. Was a forgotten inheritance drawing him in its wake?

Ever since he was a child Graeme had written poems, secretly, from sheer inside compulsion, but the Canadian woods and lakes had never asked it of him: he could spend days and nights with them untouched by any need of expression. But this strange hinterland, innocent of the Riviera's palms and bloom, which was more austere under the sun than his own hills under snow, its penetrating light not only awoke imaginings but seemed to show them useless unless they were made concrete in words or paint or stone.

And in his pocket was a letter which had reached him three days ago, offering him a position in a bank in Medicine Hat.

The singing ceased and he went in and bought the wine. Only two roads lead out of Grimaud, the one to the Gulf, the other to Cogolin of the rug-makers which is toward the highway to Toulon. Neither held the slightest appeal. Better was a path on the edge of some pines which showed the town and the ruins above through their branches, fantastic and unbelievably real. It wound down to a stream and valley of small farms where were clumps of mimosa in bright yellow corners. Graeme wanted the woods and the hills, so he followed the path for a little, then turned and found himself in fields. In one of them an old man was cutting down reeds, tall bamboo-like reeds whose high growth even more than the palms brings the tropics into those parts. He was laying them in ordered piles. Graeme called to him.

'*Bonjour, monsieur, y'a-t-il un sentier par les collines qui mène au Plan de la Tour?*'

The farmer slowly laid down his reeds and began to point with his hand. '*Sûre, monsieur, après avoir passé là vous monterez vers le col and vous passerez outre.*'

The boy threw out his thanks: he liked the gesture and figure of the old man. '*Il fait un temps sec pour les vignes, n'est-ce pas?*'

There was an old smile on the man's face as he answered.



'Sec bien, oui, monsieur, mais pas trop pour les vignobles. S'il n'en fait beaucoup de l'eau, mais bien du soleil. Il en faut de la chaleur pour la terre.'

Peasant wisdom and the mellow patience and age of it sank into his open mind while on its surface danced a boyish vanity that he had talked to the man in his own tongue and understood every word he said. He turned the way the farmer pointed and as he followed the path his thoughts took on the rhythm of his words and soon they fell into the cadence of dreaming verse. Speech which seems to come out of the soil, soil so long tilled that it is almost human, has a queer generative effect on certain receptive souls, and to that shy, nature-nourished lad, man was just beginning to reveal himself through the places where he had lived and built and sung. Graeme was aware he needed such contact and that nowhere could he receive it more happily than in this age-taught, civilised France where every newly discovered phrase opened a gate into unfamiliar thinking and every stone quickened the present with the past. He was only now gathering its colour and line into his own awakening, how could he leave it for Medicine Hat? Not even for Quebec or the East of Canada, but that West where what he would love most, the wilds and the bush, were utterly divorced from inherited tradition; those prairies on which towns were imposed not carved out of the substance of earth as they were in Grimaud, rock and dwelling an indivisible unity. Everywhere beneath him led little paths, pricked out by the centuries; from the receding walls above the wind drew unheard chansons and carried them in silver chains through the air, linking them to his own unwritten songs. How would he learn to be a poet in a bank in the West?

Dreaming into words had made him wander, up from the valley and into the maquis, guided by a shaving of a path that went under a bramble of myrtle and heath. The heath was just preparing to show its white bells, but the myrtle was sweet and sharp smelling under the sun. A near hill made a shelter against the wind and in the clear, dry light every leaf and every scent was separated as if held in an invisible sphere. But the boy was growing hungry and the maquis was scratchy, so he broke through the tangle to a wood of pine and cork where a hardly seen path worked through the open trees. The bark of the cork trees had been newly cut and with their trunks dripping deep in colour like vases of Chinese ox blood they gave a strangely sacrificial air to the edge

of the grove. Further in were the shining pines. It was an Elysian wood with soft fallen needles and new blown down cones : it seemed to Graeme to be made for noon and rest. He penetrated a little further and found himself in a kind of closure, walled in by trees and in it an abandoned washing fountain with a well behind. It had steps on which women had once kneeled to wash ; they were old and crumbling, and a bending pine, twisted above, let the sun darts through on their long slabs. Somehow the whole thing was inexplicably pagan and ritualistic. A little rain-water was left in the basin and some gravel having got into his shoes Graeme took them off, wet his feet and left them bare. He sat down in a clump of sunlight and began to eat. The savour of the bread and cheese was good and he was glad he had bought the wine. In the branches above the mistral siffled keenly, but his spot was warm and lazy and he stretched himself on his back abandonedly. Quite carelessly his hands reached out and touched some cones, ripe, glossy ones, and as his fingers felt their resin there was roused in him an old instinct, an impulse to light a fire. Dozens of cones lay all around, and rolling over, he gathered them on a flat rock in front of the old *lavoir*. Immediately his match caught and as the first smoke sputtered into flame, from sheer love of smell he put on some pine-needles and a few twigs of myrtle he had been carrying in his hand. Then . . . he had no idea why but that always when he was by himself in the woods he burnt a part of what he ate . . . when the fire grew really bright and began to crackle and burn the nuts in the cones he picked up his bottle of wine and poured a few drops on the flame. Suddenly he looked up and saw, sitting on the edge of the basin, a man. A middle-aged, rather imposing man with shaggy, long hair and beard and dressed in peasant blue.

Graeme had neither seen nor heard his coming and he was afraid he was being caught for making an unauthorised fire. But there was nothing forbidding in the figure which looked perfectly at ease as if it had been there for a long time and was quite accustomed to having unknown lads make fires before it.

‘Why have you called me, youth?’ The sitter spoke with a curiously large utterance and his speech, though French, had an antique sway.

‘I did not call you,’ and as Graeme answered he reddened to his ears. For he had been wondering why the stranger’s legs were curled as if they were uncomfortable in his high country boots.

A visible laughter seemed to run down the tree-trunks. ‘You

did not ! You came to my wood, you made a fire in my grove and poured wine on its flame. And you vow it was not for me !'

Graeme looked up. This was no provincial countryman for all his blue blouse and shaggy head. He felt awed and a little scared at the half-lilting, half-singing voice. It went on, mockingly : 'From where do you come, young man ?'

'Cape Breton in Canada.' The familiar name seemed suddenly very meaningless.

'Unknown to me,' the other replied and drew his restless legs up on the stone. 'But in whatever land you were bred, how were you taught to summon your gods ?'

The boy was puzzled that he found such questioning natural and his answer came simply : 'We haven't any gods except those of the Indians and they do not belong to us.'

'But you know to bare your feet in a sacred place. Your people taught you nothing ? They must have come from some land in the beginning where men had altars to their gods.'

'My grandfather said the Highlands of Scotland, years and years ago.'

Again laughter shook the needles of the pine. Whenever the stranger laughed his body rippled from his shoulders and his legs moved as if they wanted to dance. His eyes were dark and purple, long-fringed, or green sometimes and purple with a gleam at the back of their caves. 'The Druids ! Oh, I knew of them once. A bloodthirsty lot.' His speech was becoming more modern. 'But on your shores, on your hills, to whom do you dance and sing ?'

'We sing for ourselves . . . most people don't.' The lad was standing against a young oak and seeing his fire burn low he bent down and put on some more cones. He looked very young and straight in his collarless sweater and the older man seemed to approve the gesture. 'That is bad. How can you make good songs and dance to yourselves ? Are you one of those they call to make their songs ?'

There was such haunting authority in his voice . . . it rolled down into the roots of the trees and up into the thin pine-needles, while the whole figure nodded in unison with the pine and the sylvan grove. Even the sly, slanting, chasing eyes hiding under the goatish brows had a glow of understanding which woke in the youth an impulse to confess. 'No one calls me, but I want to, more than anything on earth. Only I want to make them in this land, out of its air and songs and tales.'

He was standing ready to tell everything from the beginning

when the stillness was broken at the edge of the wood where the stricken trees were. It was a woman's voice, partly singing, partly calling. A low open song was being borne up the path ; its words came round and clear, floating toward them like a drift of golden bubbles in the glass clear air.

'Vai lèu, bailèro, lèu  
Bailèro, lèu, bailèro,  
Vai lèu, bailèro, lèu  
De soulèu en soulèu.

Before the notes had ended the shaggy man had slipped down from his perch and curled up behind the stone. But the boy was too intent on the new-comer to notice he had gone. For a moment he could not see anyone, then through the ruddy trunks he discovered the little figure of a woman in a long cloak, rock red like porphyry and a hood that stood back from her head such as he had seen in Provençal fêtes. She wore nothing on her hair and it blew about her, brown and wild and curly. As she came nearer he saw a small, dark face lit with mischief and pixie beauty. But it was only when she was quite close, still intoning each circled word, that the boy saw her lips, flame and wind on them, letting out words as birds from eyrie caves. Graeme knew little of women ; they had only been part of a family background or figments in a dream of knight-errantry. But he knew those lips had mystery and many loves. He forgot his confession of song. Her mouth, curved as the trees above him, her song, coming to him out of all creation, held him suppliant.

'Où vas-tu berger ?' She spoke with a bird call in her voice, a little mockingly.

'Hello, Esterelle, aren't you trespassing ?' Graeme had completely forgotten his first acquaintance who at the sound of her singing had clambered behind the *lavoir* and was now back on his seat regarding the new-comer with pleased disapproval.

'Greetings, Pan.' The cloaked figure was in no way abashed. 'What brings you here in that garb and talking a most modern speech ? It is a long time since you were seen conversing with a mortal. Who is this shepherd lad ?'

'A god must use the language of his worshippers if he would live. This lad is not for you, Esterelle. He is no shepherd. He is a stranger from a far land that has not any gods. But he lit a fire that called me and he knows song. How comes it that you have left your red crags and are wandering on Diana's hills ?'

'Motors and sign-posts are on all my trails. Men pass too quickly to see me, and if they hear my call they think it a bird or the wind in the rocks. I'm bored, Pan. There is hardly a shepherd left and those who are, are old and tame. Even the young maids do not want me. They tell me they no longer seek children in love and do not desire the help I give.' She sidled nearer Graeme and looked up in his face.

'Pan, Pan!' Graeme was amazed and yet it was quite simple. 'That is why his legs are unhappy in boots and he knows about song and dance.' But even the realisation of a god could not take his eyes from Esterelle's lips.

'Pan,' she hummed lightly, 'he may be no shepherd, but he is a good-looking lad. I like his youth. It is a long time since I have seen red hair and blue eyes. He knows nothing of love. I shall kiss him and teach it to him in my hills.'

'No,' thundered Pan and rose, and the woods quivered under deity. Then he sat down, teasingly. 'What do you want, Esterelle? To take him through the red pinnacles of your gorge and the narrow caves of your streams? To kiss him lying beside their music till he forget the faces of all his people and remember only the coals of your lips . . . then to leave him wandering on the hills and in the forests, making songs for only you to hear?'

Pan had taken a reed from his blouse and was passing it through his long, flippant hands. Esterelle turned away from him and faced Graeme, letting her cloak fall open so he could see the upward lines of her body and the branched witchery of her arms. Something older than the song and wine of Pan trembled in him coming from the earth rune she was making with her fire-blown lips, a desire fierce and haunted for the knowledge of her caves.

He stood upright from the trees and stared, his straight blue eyes glowing. 'I want to go with her,' he said and looked at Pan.

Esterelle murmured and drew her cloak tight again. 'Let him come, Pan. The world still remembers the songs another poet made from me.'

Pan put his reed to his mouth and piped. The birds began to twitter and Graeme felt the dark claim of the fairy lighten and the mistral blow the sun on his face. When Pan had let his notes rise to the high branches he went on.

'Mistral never knew your kiss, Esterelle; he was under me. He only found you and your haunts because you belong to this land which was his. But this youth is a stranger, he would lose himself

for ever on your hills.' He turned to Graeme and spoke in a voice that brought to the lad the freedom and call of all the corners of the earth. And in the centre of them were the cries of his own land—honk of geese over locked sea-water, the laughter of a loon on a tree-girt northern lake. 'Go back, youth. This is not your country. You have valleys and hills, streams and forests, tales of men who live and die. Their gods you say are not yours. I do not understand. Sing, and you will sing the gods men have brought there of whatever kin you be. Light your fire and bare your feet and call them, and more there than here because it is your land they will answer in a tongue that is yours.'

He scrambled down from the stone slab and kicked his boots off so that the goat feet showed beneath the peasant blue.

'Come, Esterelle, back to your own red rocks. Diana will not like it if she finds you wandering here. True, you belonged to these hills long before she did, but they were given to her and you must keep to your own named ridge.'

The pixie face of the fairy fell. She moved to follow. She knew she had no power against these Mediterranean gods. Then suddenly, like a branch caught by the wind, she turned to the Cape Breton boy, drew his head down to her and touched his red hair with her lips.

'No harm, O Conqueror.' She darted swiftly away. 'I have but brushed with my lips the tip of his hair. Now if he sing he will remember, even when making songs for his country, that there are other gods, the red of other rocks, the blue of other seas and a sun that holds colour without mist. He will remember you, O Pan, and me.'

Her wild hair fell across her calling mouth. Pan made new notes on his pipes, then all at once there was no cloaked figure beside Graeme, no bloused man on the stone, and the wind blew cold on his feet.

When I saw him again he was out of the wood. The sun had shifted low in the sky, the dry light circled round with the wind. Over the ridge the heath ran, stretching its slope to Plan de la Tour. He had sought the maquis and found he had lost the sea. Far down the gap was a valley set in craggy hills. No pagan oaks on its plain, only squares of pruned fruit-trees, a village and stream and church. A shimmer was on the olive-trees, that shimmer of half-stirring spring which hangs over valleys before the first buds



have waked on the heights. Graeme saw it and stopped. Soon, long-stemmed violets would rise fragrant by that stream, fields gleam with narcissi, the gold of the mimosa tarnish and orchards make a pattern of diverse pink: all the lure of France under the guard and menace of her hills. But the boy knew it no longer. The soft shimmering light had quickened older moments in him, moments when on skis he had watched from other hills the bright blue shadows stream on snow, growing honeycombed in sunny coves, had hailed the dogwood reddening in the melting swamp. He put his hand in his pocket for a cigarette and touched the letter from Medicine Hat.

And then . . . I saw no more. . . . I was sitting conscious in the café. The boy was still perched on the same table outside, gazing over the sunset and the bay's wine-laden ships. In a little while he picked up a pencil, and on the back of his letter began to write.

That was five years ago. I am still coming to Saint-Tropez—March bites raw in the north—and there are friendly spirits in the café and always new youth. But I do not go to the bank. This morning the post brought me a book, sent from Canada; a book of poems by a new poet, Graeme Chisholm, entitled *To Pan*.

I am wondering a little what the Canadian critics will say of the title, for no European gods are invoked in these straight, naked verses of prairie and bush. And yet, 'Ski-ing into Spring,' a shining lyric of northern March, was assuredly born of Pan. Will they think it conceived on Laurentian hills?

*PETER PARLEY AND THE BATTLE OF THE  
CHILDREN'S BOOKS.*

*A SIDELIGHT ON THE EXHIBITION NOW BEING HELD  
AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.*

IN the year 1842, a well-known citizen of the United States of America, having in his handsome features, and perhaps in the dignity of his bearing also, something of the Roman senator, walked into a bookshop at the top of Holborn Hill, London, with the intention of having a friendly but firm talk with its proprietor. It was a prosperous-looking house, late Georgian in architecture, of four storeys, with, at that time, two bow-windows on the ground floor, and a full-width sign, 'The Juvenile Library,' across the front. Inside was a circular domed space, with broad counters, behind which neat clerks, in tight trousers and tail-coats, were ready to serve clients young and old, wholesale or retail. The Library was at a good site for business, even though in winter, Holborn Viaduct being not yet thought of, horses could go neither up nor down the steep slope to the valley of the Fleet Ditch, but had to creep along curly Skinner Street more gradually, past the *City Juvenile Library*, where, thirty-five years before, Mrs. William Godwin had issued the *Lambs' Tales from Shakespeare*. But Godwin's premises were in decay, whereas Messrs. Darton and Clark were flourishing. They had the Howitts and Mrs. Sherwood on their shelves, besides the works of this American visitor; and standing on the main road, close to Ely Place and Hatton Garden (as their advertisements pointed out), they met trade on both sides—from the literary folk of the neighbouring legal Inns (where Mr. Dickens had lately written *Pickwick*) and from the well-to-do City families, who still lived over their business premises; as indeed did John Maw Darton, the senior active partner in the Juvenile Library.

The caller, a New Englander from Connecticut, Samuel Griswold Goodrich by name, had a genuine grievance, not only against this particular bookseller-publisher, but against at least four other book-producing firms in London. And he felt that his fame in two continents, as well as his moral sense, gave him strength. He was in his fiftieth year, and deemed his reputation firmly established.

The damage to it, in fact, was his cause of complaint. It is probable that at that date no living writer was better known to English-speaking boys and girls than 'Peter Parley'; the 'original Peter Parley' being beyond all doubt Goodrich, in the States a prosperous publisher as well as a very voluminous writer. When he put forth in 1857 his *Recollections of a Lifetime*, he could claim to have written 116 books under that pseudonym, and about 7,000,000 copies of them had been sold in England and America since the first of them appeared in 1827.

Sold, that is to say, as his—'the original Peter Parley's'—authentic work, with his knowledge and authority, and with a text approved by him. What he wished to see Mr. Darton about—as he had already seen Mr. Thomas Tegg, another well-known publisher—was the issue of spurious Parley work. That was not the only question which he was prepared to argue with the English book-trade, but it was the most practical one. A larger difference of opinion had arisen over certain literary and educational views. But that, as will be seen, he was ready to leave to posterity; in fact, there was no other arbiter. That posterity's verdict was already almost ripe for delivery—as the present Exhibition of Illustrated Children's Books at South Kensington<sup>1</sup> and the recent *Alice* display in Oxford Street show—was hidden from him. He was concerned with contemporary infringement of copyright. It affected what he called the 'avails' of his authorship, and he desired the immediate justice of 1842. He did not get very substantial justice, and 1842 was not a very happy year in which to seek it.

It was the year in which Dickens published *American Notes*, and infuriated his recent hosts. His first visit to the States lasted from January to May, 1842. He had made no secret of his desire to talk about international copyright upon all and every occasion; and he was seriously disappointed when the Americans wanted to hear Boz the inimitable novelist instead of Mr. Charles Dickens the man of letters. *Martin Chuzzlewit*, published in book form in 1844, intensified their anger at the guest who had treated their culture so contumeliously. But in England it did not cause much excitement, for it was the least successful, commercially, of all Dickens's greater books. Moreover, as the imitations of *Pickwick*, which took the Pickwickians to the States, had shown, ridicule of Americans was an acceptable commonplace. Besides, Samuel

<sup>1</sup> In connection with the Boys' and Girls' Book Week organised by the National Book Council, November, 1932.

Goodrich himself was not far from being a character out of *Martin Chuzzlewit*—a sort of less flamboyant Elijah Pogram, or a grown-up 'yours (forgive me if I add, soaringly), Putnam Smif.' He had seen Thomas Hood on the question of copyright in general. But he was not an ideal ambassador; for in 1838, in a Lecture on 'Man the Subject of Education,' given before the American Institute of Instruction, at Lowell, Mass., he had delivered himself of the two-edged platitude that 'knowledge is common property, and those who possess it are bound to distribute it for the benefit of others.' Moreover, he had published, before the author's death in 1832, an American edition of Scott's works for which he put forward no boast of having recompensed the British copyright holders.

Finally, figures were against him. He admitted the main truth of the statement afterwards made in Sampson Low's *American Catalogue of Books*: 'in the twelve years ending 1842 nearly half the publications issued in the United States were reprints of English books.' In good faith, and with some pride in the growth of native work, the *Catalogue* put the position thus:

In 1830, 60% of American-published books were British,  
40% American.

In 1840, 45% of American-published books were British,  
55% American.

In 1850, 30% of American-published books were British,  
70% American.

In 1856, 20% of American-published books were British,  
80% American.

So that in 1842 remonstrance would be (to borrow more emblematical names from Dickens) very much like Mr. Lafayette Kettle, of Watertoast, U.S.A., calling Mr. Pott of Eatanswill (the eminent second-hand authority on Chinese metaphysics) black.

It is clear that 'Peter Parley' was aware of his dubious position. He pressed his grievance moderately and not without dignity. His account of the interview he had with John Darton upon this occasion is both creditable and credible. He complained that Darton, like Tegg, like Tilt and Bogue, like Lacey, like Simpkins, had (i) published genuine Parley books without acknowledgment or fee; (ii) altered other such books to suit the English market; (iii) taken the pseudonym (a happy one, in the current literary coinage) and used it for work not by Goodrich at all, but—he not merely implied but said—of inferior quality. And there is no doubt at all that these things had happened.

There was no remedy but compromise. In a letter of 1854, when he had to reopen the matter more strongly, Goodrich recalled this visit of 1842. 'I remonstrated with you,' he wrote, 'and threatened that I would show you up in the *London Times*. You replied, "I will give you fifty pounds to do it." "How so?" said I. "Because you will sell my books without the trouble of my advertising them," was your answer. "But it will ruin your character," I added. "Poh!" said you; "London is too big for that."' There was a certain brutality, perhaps, in the reminder that London was not a small New England township where everyone knew everyone else, and the next chance person you met was sure to be 'one of the most remarkable men in our country'—a phrase frequent, almost verbally, in Goodrich's memoirs. But John Darton's conduct at the time cannot have been at all brutal, because he clearly made some arrangement to become the authorised publisher of genuine Parleyings, and after this interview issued editions with prefaces signed in full 'S. G. Goodrich.' Somehow or other he persuaded the American of his integrity, and kept him persuaded, in spite of appearances which were not all good.

My grandfather must in fact have been a man of very considerable charm.<sup>1</sup> He was a handsome person, about five feet nine, a versatile and attractive talker, with finely cut features and a mobile, humorous mouth. His Victorian whiskers conveyed no pomp, and he had lively bright eyes; probably also, to judge by some of his children, a clear and mellifluous voice. In 1842, he was only thirty-two, newly married, and eager with energy. It was by his own efforts that he had secured Mary Howitt as an author, and she, like Mrs. Sherwood, became a friendly visitor to the Holborn Hill family circle, which was about to be enlarged by a first son. He was meditating the use of some of their work, and of Goodrich's, in a new series of books to compete with an anti-Parley 'library' lately announced for publication. He had just taken up—by Patrimony, as the third of his line in succession—the Freedom of the City of London; and he was about to re-front his premises in a more modern way, as if to show that the old Quaker publishing firm, established nearly sixty years before in

<sup>1</sup> I never saw him, though I was his first grandchild. He died when I was only three. No one now living recollects him at all clearly. From statements made to me without prejudice, by persons now long dead, I gather that he could easily convince himself, as well as other people, of the necessity and justice of any empirical decision. The personal details are from family documents, though few are preserved.

Gracechurch Street, was filled with new vigour. 'The Juvenile Library' was now to be blazoned as 'The Original Infant School Depot and Juvenile Library.' The structural changes in appearance can best be envisaged, with allowance for the difference of scale, by comparing to-day's front of the Bodley Head in Vigo Street with that of Messrs. Bumpus in Oxford Street. The re-faced house still had the dual function of retail shop, wholesale repository, and family residence.

In 1842, as has been said, the firm was called Darton and Clark. In 1835 it had been William Darton & Son. In 1843, technically, in 1846-7 in imprint and style, it became Darton & Co.—that is, John Maw Darton alone. The two-surname title introduces a fresh personality, one of the strangest in the rather dingy cobweb which English publishers wove round the Yankee author. This partner Clark was himself one of the English Parleys, occasionally *soi-disant*, but usually as 'editor' under the name of 'the Rev. T. Wilson'—in '*Tales of America and Australia*. By Peter Parley. Edited by the Rev. T. Wilson. Darton and Clark, Holborn Hill' (n.d.), for instance. There were many such volumes. Clark owned to Parleying: 'Parley's books are all very good except the *Wonders*, which is a quack thing written by a man who only pretends to be Parley,' he revealed to his sister in 1837; he meant himself, T. Wilson being a near relative of Mrs. Harris (*née* 1843-4, in literature). He edited 'Blair's' *Catechisms* as well, under the same alias.<sup>1</sup>

Samuel Clark, however, was much more notable in genuine Holy Orders than as a workaday publisher disguised in them. His father, a Quaker basket-manufacturer of Southampton, meant him for his own business, and took him early from school to work very long hours in it—6 a.m. to 8 p.m. The boy managed to teach himself languages outside those hours. He started Hebrew thus at the age of fourteen. Fortunately he fell in with Frederick Denison Maurice and his father at the local Mechanics' Institute, and was helped by them, both spiritually and educationally. By 1836, when adversity at Southampton forced him, in his twenty-sixth year, to seek a living elsewhere, he was well fitted to join his friend Darton in London as a partner, though even so he had misgivings as to his true vocation in life. Meanwhile Maurice

<sup>1</sup> 'The Rev. S. Blair' was likewise a ghostly father. He was Sir Richard Phillips, Lavengro's publisher, first compiler of those *Catechisms*. Phillips even trebled himself: he was also 'the Rev. J. Goldsmith,' author of histories possibly meant to be confounded with Oliver's.



had wrought strongly upon his faith—the influential book published as *The Kingdom of Christ* was made up of Maurice's letters to Clark—and in 1837 he was received into the Church of England. He persuaded his sister Rebecca to the same step, and she and her future husband, John Darton, were both baptised, as adults, at St. Andrew's, Holborn, opposite the old business house, before they were married.

Clark threw himself into his new career vigorously. But he was not satisfied with business ideals, though he valued highly the varied experience of life after the limited and strict atmosphere of Southampton. He resolved to go to Oxford and take Orders, and by almost incredible exertions did so in 1840. He remained a partner in the family concern, however, till early in 1843. It is clear not only that he found the double life of an earnest scholar and an active publisher a heavy strain, but that commercial morality in general was distasteful to him. Love for his sister constrained him, however, not to dissociate himself wholly from her husband, and when the partnership was dissolved, he continued to be a salaried reader to the firm. He can hardly have been wholly ignorant of the Goodrich complications.

His later life is little relevant here, except by way of contrast. He became Principal of St. John's Training College, Battersea, served on Church, State and University boards and committees of various kinds, and was asked to be one of the Committee for Revising the Old Testament, though he had to decline this through ill-health. He was throughout their lives a close friend of Frederick Denison Maurice and others associated with the Christian Social Movement, Derwent and Hartley Coleridge, Sir Edward Strachey, the Hares, and men of like aims and standing. He died in 1875, being then vicar of Eaton Bishop, Hereford, and is worthily embalmed in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

But that great work does not mention his *aliases*. It was probably only during the publishing partnership that he devilled Parleys and Blairs. There was nothing clandestine or dishonourable about such an ordinary literary practice, once the common use of the pseudonym was taken for granted. Goodrich, however, when he was threatening Darton with a letter to *The Times*, probably did not know that he was talking to the brother-in-law and partner of one of his impersonators. In fact, he said that the *Wonders*—which Clark composed entirely—was the only false Parley he would have cared to acknowledge, and he would like to meet the writer.

Apparently he never did so. The person who really annoyed him, and whom he singled out by name, was more persistent and open. He was William Martin (1801-67), an ex-schoolmaster of rather erratic life, who quite frankly wrote as Parley, edited Parley, and put his real name in addition on books of which Goodrich was the undoubted author or compiler.

It was Martin who—with John Darton—was responsible for one of the sets of publications which made Goodrich's gorge rise (he actually used the word 'nauseous'). Flat piracy he more or less condoned: it was almost normal. But he took deep umbrage at the use of his pseudonym for new productions which were not only much livelier than anything he had thought of, but, in England, even more marketable. The way in which the publishers and their hacks seized upon his name, so valuable in that age of catch-penny pseudonyms, was simply unconscionable. They did not even transform it slightly, as 'Boz,' for instance, was translated into 'Bos' for purposes of false utterance. They used it as it stood, for anything genially instructive or even 'chatty'; and not always for the purposes of juvenile reading.

William Martin and Darton came into this gallimaufry together in the periodical line. In 1833 Goodrich had started in America a *Parley's Magazine*. He edited it for one year himself, but then gave up personal work on it. It ran for another twelve years or so. It may or may not have given the idea to England, but in 1840 two *Peter Parley's Annuals* began to appear regularly, the one published by Darton, the other by Simpkin Marshall & Co. William Martin was Darton's editor, and his name appeared on the production very early. Simpkin's volume purported to be 'only a collection of odds and ends.' Practically all the material in each was English. They apparently competed, yet contained much in common. Darton's version was still running strongly when Goodrich revisited England in 1854. To his horror, on going once more to the Holborn Hill house—this time to complain of Martin's 'low, bald, and vulgar style, ridiculous from its affected Parleyisms!'—he saw a copy of the *Annual*, gleaming in red and gold, with the imprint of an American firm on its title-page. It was going to enter his own home market, where already he had to combat native forgeries like *Parley's Pictorial* and *Parley's Household Library*.

This was too much even for the long-suffering Goodrich. He made enquiries on his return to America, found the book on sale

there, and at once started an action against Darton. He was justified, in all conscience, on commercial grounds alone. But in addition his patriotic soul was outraged by sentiments attributed to William Martin's Parley. 'Peter Parley,' said this alien *Annual* on American soil, 'loves the sea-breeze, and he would sing with his poor old voice, like a shattered clarionet, "Rule, Britannia," and thank God he has lived to see the day when England exhibits to the world that she is still able to "rule the waves."' Impudence could go no further. It says much for Goodrich's forbearance that he used no stronger epithet for this passage than 'not pleasant.'

The odd thing is that apparently nothing happened. I can trace no record of the legal action. Goodrich's *Recollections* (1857) mention it as pending. But in a compressed version of this work, meant for younger readers, issued after his death in 1860, it is omitted altogether, though accounts of the misdeeds of other publishers appear fully in both volumes. Darton & Co. were in an unsound financial state in 1857-60, and the quarrel may have been compromised. Or it is just possible that Darton somehow got round Goodrich once more; because, after saying rather sadly (in a letter to the *New York Times*) that he had started the action, the American added: 'One thing I feel bound to say, which is, that I feel no personal hostility to Mr. Darton. He is a most amiable man, and I believe would be the last person in the world to do an intentional wrong. In the present case, he has probably yielded to the guidance of other parties, implicated like himself, and is rather fighting their battles than his own.'

It is a generous view, and as a grandson I should like to adopt it. But it is difficult to do so. The supposititious *Annual* went on appearing in England, lawsuit or no lawsuit. Two other Darton-Parley productions of a date after 1854 show no penitence. One was (explicitly) '*The Hatchups of Me and My Schoolfellows*. By Peter Parley. Edited by William Martin, author of *Peter Parley's Annual*'—'author,' not editor. The date is 1858, and the preface is signed 'Peter Parley.' But Goodrich might reasonably have found it 'nauseous,' or at any rate silly. It contains some knock-about English sporting adventures, in an Albert-Smith-and-water style, and is meant for older boys. The other volume was a glorification of England in India, and of 'all laws passed by the Imperial Legislature for the humane and enlightened government of our Indian Possessions.' There was nothing in the least American, and no Goodrichness, about '*Our Oriental Empire, or Tales about*

*India.* By Peter Parley.' Beaconsfield could not have been more British, nor annexed a title more boldly.

On the other hand, Darton must somehow have kept the sincere goodwill which he won from Goodrich in the early forties. If he had not thrown over Martin, he had issued the pure Parleys honestly. He abetted Goodrich in resisting the aggression of South Kensington, and inserted Goodrich's own attack on Sir Henry Cole in *Peter Parley's Magazine* for 1844. He had better be let go without further denigration.

Goodrich certainly showed no such hesitation in denouncing other English publishers; and they perhaps gave him little ground for gentleness. The first to damage him was Lacey, who did a good many cheap reprints: he is dismissed in a contemptuous sentence as 'a Remainder Man,' a buyer up and re-furbisher of waste stock who had done very well out of surplus Parley copies, but who could hardly be proceeded against. Another was 'T—,' whom it is easy to recognise as Tilt (Tilt and Bogue afterwards; a not dissimilar firm). Tilt saw some Parley work, by his own request, but after reading the stories—about the Apostles—refused them: 'They were clever enough in their own way, but they would not do for him. They were tainted with Americanisms, republicanism, latitudinarianisms, in church and state.' Goodrich would not revise them. Tilt re-wrote them and issued them, without the least compunction, as Peter Parley's. He also produced *Peter Parley's Visit to the Coronation* (1838: three editions!), which showed the narrator glorying loyally in the graciousness of the young Queen: it did not matter that 'the original Peter Parley' was in Connecticut in 1838, and, as he said, respected Victoria but had no devout loyalty to her.

But it was Thomas Tegg who reached the summit of English audacity. He it was who by snapping up English copyright matter the moment it was free—during the author's lifetime, in those days—incurred the wrath of Wordsworth and Carlyle, among others. He built up a very large business, and did it by ability and industry as well as other qualities. He set to work on the almost defenceless Goodrich in the early thirties. But the American was in England in 1832, and managed to get a contract out of him; or so he thought. Tegg was to pay him £10 a thousand copies on the sales of *Tales of Animals*—which was already in the press, unauthorised—and £5 a thousand for others to be revised, or subsequent new ones: and to render accounts periodically. Goodrich revised four then

and there, and when he got back to the States sent ten more. But by 1842, when he came over again, and visited Darton, he had not had a penny, nor any statement of sales. He confronted Tegg, who laughed at him and repudiated all liability. The contract was only a worthless note, not a formal agreement. However, Goodrich persisted, and this was Tegg's final answer: 'Sir, I do not owe you a farthing; neither justice nor law require [*sic*] me to pay you anything. Still, I am an old man, and have seen a good deal of life, and have learned to consider the feelings of others as well as my own. I will pay you four hundred pounds, and we will be quits! If we cannot do this, we can do nothing.'

He urged, moreover, that (1) 'Parley' material, in its natural state, was unsuited to the English market; (2) he had lost on any unedited or pure Parley he had published; (3) he had been put to expense in making the books saleable at all; (4) he had made 'Parley's' name in England. All this was to a great extent true. Goodrich took the four hundred pounds. Tegg died three years later. His son William (1816-95), a publisher of far higher repute among men of letters, went on producing Parleys while the market lasted, and in 1864 (see *The Bookseller*, June 30th) claimed that he was Peter Parley. Most of the Tegg Parleys, as a matter of fact, were by George Mogridge, 'Old Humphrey,' a very pious writer whose life in brief was published by the Religious Tract Society.

Leslie Stephen, not given to fierce expression, summed up the result of Dickens's copyright mission to the States with the statement that 'the general (American) opinion was in favour of continuing to steal.'<sup>1</sup> Goodrich, in the appendix to his *Recollections*, was at last outspoken: 'The utter disregard of truth, honour, and decency, on the part of respectable British authors and publishers, in this wholesale system of imposition and injustice, is all the more remarkable, when we consider that the British public, and especially the British authors and booksellers, are denouncing us in America as pirates, for refusing international copyright.' Still, they in America *had* refused it. And Goodrich did not do very badly out of Thomas Tegg on the whole. Though English writers for the adult market made good sums in the United Kingdom if they were successful, very few English 'juvenile' writers grew rich. Mary Howitt's first translation of Hans Andersen, in the middle of the Parley epoch, was a dead loss. But Goodrich would have thought that a good thing. Which brings me to his other

<sup>1</sup> *Dictionary of National Biography*, s.v. Dickens.

great battle in England, the fight for the general nursery championship. Turn from Goodrich the commercial venturer with a grievance to Parley the social phenomenon.

In the Preface to that 'authorised' *Parley's Magazine* for 1844 which has already been mentioned, there are the following remarks, which are pure Goodrich: 'Peter Parley has been amused to see that some writers, who have been kind enough to notice him, have represented him as one who seeks to instruct the understanding of his readers, without making an effort to please their imagination, or to call out their affections. Peter Parley is quite certain that this is not correct.' (He does not attempt to define 'imagination.')

He went on to say that the criticism was 'ill-natured.' In fact, it was worse; it was partisan. The person who made it was a rival author, who had 'lately written some children's books, and edited others, with large alterations, which he has tried to make attractive by the help of bright colours and large print. . . . In one point, which he seems to have had in view, he has certainly succeeded, that is in the exclusion of anything that might instruct his readers.' The temerarious author, though Goodrich did not reveal it in that protest, was Henry Cole, at that time serving on the Record Commission.

Goodrich expanded these views ten years later, when he could not afford to be so complacent. To him in the forties juvenile civilisation seemed fairly rational and static. But in truth the period between Victoria's accession and the publication of *Alice* in 1865 was a turning-point in the history of children's books in England; or, to put it in another way, in the underground evolution of freedom itself.

The Peter Parley books, the character of which was blandly but relentlessly matter of fact, were widely popular themselves. But they sold because they were of a particular type, and they were not alone in their field. William and Mary Howitt, in spite of much that was fresh, lively and charming in their books for children, depended in the long run on equable good sense and avoidance of free fantasy. There were English undisguised Parley-men like William Bingley, the Rev. Bourne Hall Draper, and, in fiction, the still surviving writers of moral tales like Mrs. Sherwood and her sister, Mrs. Cameron. Even story-books languished in a drought of sheer fact the only relief from which was a copious draught of piety. Education, conversely but not contradictorily,



was striving to enter the home by way of affability, and 'Mrs. Markham' (Elizabeth Penrose) and others were turning knowledge into a collection of archly serious conversations. The altruistic side of Bentham's philosophy had at last reached the nursery, but had hardened, on the way, into a humourless and practical utilitarianism. 'B-o-t, bot, t-i-n, tin, bottin, n-e-y, bottiney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants.' When the 'second boy' had learnt by plain instruction that bottiney meant a knowledge of plants, which were a wonder of Providence, he went and weeded the garden and filled it with vegetables: no flowers, by behest.

There had been attempts at levity, it is true. Roscoe's *Butterfly's Ball* and its many imitations, in 1807, had lit up the moral playground for a brief interval with gay pictures and easy rhymes. There had been ten years later a flow of jingles like *Dame Wiggins of Lee*; many of them, however, not so artlessly cheerful as that favourite of Ruskin's boyhood. In 1823-6 the first English translation of the Grimms' *Märchen* had broken the blockade of fairyland: but free trade with the fairies was not fully established, even with the three competing translations from Andersen in 1846. Catherine Sinclair's *Holiday House*, that noble piece of a-morality for children, had had some success in 1839. Lear's *Nonsense* appeared in the Mid-Parley Era, in 1846. But Goodrich probably never heard of it; and after all Lear himself, like Lewis Carroll, kept his two forms of expression in separate compartments as a rule. When the American, in the full panoply of seriousness and useful knowledge, descried coming against him, to 'rap his knuckles,' 'a quaint, quiet, scholarly old gentleman, called Mr. Felix Summerly,' who wanted 'to woo back the erring generation of children to the good old orthodox rhymes and jingles of England,' he felt safe. He had facts in all his books. He provided nothing but the truth, and no nonsense. His sales, with or without the aid of pirates, could not be diminished, and he could go on producing 'tales' and 'wonders' for a long time to come.

'Felix Summerly' was a playfully scholastic pseudonym, a little more cultured but not essentially less arch than 'Peter Parley.' However, make-believe was the mode. Henry Cole, the inventor of the name, was perhaps the most genuine English Victorian who ever lived; whereas Goodrich (in spite of being an American) was in many ways a perfect model of the English Victorian as conceived by the Neo-Georgian young person. Cole, born in 1808, died five years before Victoria's first Jubilee. He

was the friend and adviser of the Prince Consort, a prime mover of Great Exhibitions, a founder of the South Kensington Museum, the Royal College of Music, and of the Albert Hall. He produced the first English Christmas card. That sort of thing, like victuals and drink to the famous old woman, was the whole of his diet. And yet that eminent Victorian could never keep quiet. Which was a good thing for his Edwardian and Georgian successors, because but for him they might still be reading Peter Parley in their nurseries: might still, in fact, be Victorian.

Cole had already fought with wild officials at the Record Commission. He was ever a fighter. He took his battles seriously, though not without a caustic humour. Like Goodrich, he had a passion for knowledge. But unlike Goodrich, he had high thoughts of beauty and imagination. He was the practical counterpart of his contemporary Alfred Stevens, who, like him, did designs for Minton, and like him had to writhe in the grasp of Civil Servants who walked straight out of or into Trollope's novels.<sup>1</sup> It is worth while to record one of Cole's characteristic 'art-manufactures.' He did a series of them, which, as a note in his own handwriting in the British Museum copy of the catalogue testifies, 'led to my engagement at the Board of Trade in 1852 and to the foundation of the Museum of Ornamental Art.' The object described was:

The 'Hop Story,' a BEER JUG in Parian: designed by H. J. Townsend, price 18s. or with the extra figures 36s. The bas-reliefs represent the picking, packing and storing the hop, and the cooper at the beer-cask; 'Labour refreshed' is one, and 'Intemperance' the other supporter of the handle. 'John Barleycorn' surmounts the lid.

The design was carried out by Minton's. The *Spectator*, after observing a practical detail of use to the housewife, said it was 'full of thought and animation.' The immediately nearest items in the same catalogue are 'Purity . . . a Statuette,' 'The Cream Jug,' 'A Bride's Inkstand,' and 'The Well Spring, as a Water Vase or Jug': a very broad-minded collection, altogether, for a Victorian mantelpiece or sideboard, or for a museum not many years hence.

His immense patience, resolution, clear-headedness and idealism

<sup>1</sup> The Secretary of the Board of Trade told Cole officially that 'he did not think it the duty of the State to help carpenters to learn geometrical drawing.'

are all contained in the Prospectus of 'Felix Summerly's Home Treasury' (1841):

'The character of most Children's Books published during the last quarter of a century, is fairly typified in the name of Peter Parley, which the writers of some hundreds of them have assumed. The books themselves have been addressed after a narrow fashion, almost entirely to the cultivation of the understanding of children. The many tales sung or said from time immemorial, which appealed to the other, and certainly not less important elements of a little child's mind, its fancy, imagination, sympathies, affections, are almost all gone out of memory, and are scarcely to be obtained. Little Red Riding Hood, and other fairy-tales hallowed to children's use, are now turned into ribaldry as satires for men; as for the creation of a new fairy-tale or touching ballad, such a thing is unheard of. That the influence of all this is hurtful to children, the conductor of this series firmly believes. He has practical experience of it every day in his own family, and he doubts not that there are many others who entertain the same opinions as himself. He purposes at least to give some evidence of his belief, and to produce a series of Works, the character of which may be briefly described as anti-Peter Parleyism.'

That accounts quite plainly for Goodrich's rather patronising answer in the *Magazine*. The new Series was really 'attractive.' It began, perhaps by way of concession to seriousness, with three volumes of *Bible Events*, as illustrated by Holbein, Raphael, and Dürer. The remaining nine of the first twelve volumes contained old fairy-tales, four new ones (by C. A. Cole), the *Ballad of Chevy Chase*, *Sir Hornbook*,<sup>1</sup> and *Traditional Nursery Songs*. The illustrations were by well-known contemporary artists, like J. C. Horsley (who designed the Christmas Card of 1846), C. W. Cope, R.A., John Linnell, T. Webster, R.A., and Absolon. Later volumes included versions of the old Romances like *Bevis of Southampton*, and of poems like the *Faerie Queene*. The printing, a specially notable feature, was by Whittingham. The publisher was Joseph

<sup>1</sup> By Thomas Love Peacock: anonymous in this and other editions. This little-known 'Grammatico-Allegorical Ballad,' meant to teach grammar and syntax, was first published by Sharpe and Hailes in 1814, with plates (dated 1813) by Corbould, hand-coloured or plain. It was printed by Whittingham & Rowland, and is now rare. Cole's edition appeared in 1843, with the plates retouched, plain or coloured; the printer was Whittingham, of Chiswick. Chapman & Hall did another edition, with the plates again retouched, in 1855. Cole had as a boy lodged with his father in a house owned by Peacock, and the two were very intimate friends—and not unlike in character.

Cundell (the engraver), of Bond Street. The covers were bright with gold and colour (but so were those of the Parley books). Small wonder that the first Editor of *THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE*—writing then, however, as Michael Angelo Titmarsh, in *Fraser's*—went into raptures. 'Here are real fairy-tales, at last, with real pictures to them. . . . As good as a nosegay. . . . Their actual covers are as brilliant as a bed of tulips, and blaze with emerald, and orange, and cobalt, and gold, and crimson.' (*Fraser's Magazine*, April, 1846.) He rejoiced not less in the cheerful contents of those bright volumes.

'Real fairy-tales'—that was what hurt Samuel Griswold Goodrich of New England: not the possible inroad upon his 7,000,000 sales. He had been brought up on them—on 'Little Red Riding Hood, Puss in Boots, Blue Beard, Jack the Giant Killer, and some other of the tales of horror, commonly put into the hands of youth, as if for the express purpose of reconciling them to vice and crime.' He had been genuinely frightened by the wolf's jaws in *Red Riding Hood*; which is understandable. But (in after life, at any rate) he had also been 'shocked.' Jack was a great liar and murderer, albeit for good ends. Puss cheated and stole. 'Had it not been for the constant teaching of rectitude, by precept and example, in the conduct of my parents, I might, to say the least, have been seriously injured.' He went on to impute 'much of the vice and crime in the world' (he repeated the phrase) to 'these atrocious books put into the hands of children.' And here was the quaint, quiet, scholarly old gentleman reviving them amid applause—for Summerly's volumes sold well at once: better than *Darton's Holiday Library*, which was rushed out in opposition.

But it was not only this grave moral injury by fairy-tales that made Parley blench. It was the mental imbecility which other volumes in the *Treasury* might produce in the Home. 'A man of the name of Hallowell' (Goodrich meant Halliwell—James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, whose standard *Nursery Rhymes of England* went into an enlarged edition in 1846) was abetting 'Summerly' with pernicious antiquarianism. 'Traditional Nursery Songs!' Traditional nursery inutility and silliness. Goodrich could not for the life of him see how any child could read such twaddle, or any parent permit it to be read. Anyone could make up such rubbish, if it were worth while. He, Parley, could himself: look—

‘ Higglety, pigglety, pop !  
 The dog has eat the mop ;  
 The pig’s in a hurry,  
 The cat’s in a flurry—  
 Higglety, pigglety—pop ! ’

But in New England (in the dialogue between a mother and her little boy which Peter Parley invented to carry this criticism) nonsense like that would be neither tolerated nor even attractive to children: it was not worth laughing down—it was too contemptible.

Such a conflict of broad opinion, on a scale of general principles like those involved in the existence of fairy-tales and nursery rhymes at all, could only be settled by time ; by the mature character of the people whose children were concerned, and who themselves determined their own temper of mind. America gave England Nathaniel Hawthorne (Goodrich’s friend and colleague!) and his *Tanglewood Tales* in this epoch. She also gave us, at the same time, the unspeakably lachrymose *Wide Wide World* of Susan (‘ Wetherell ’) Warner. In the choice between Parley and Summerly, we eventually preferred fantasy to fact. Goodrich’s books are utterly dead : dead of inanition, of the lack of imaginative glow, which the serious South Kensington official communicated to a generation to-day sometimes thought to be so narrow. Lear was contemporary with Goodrich, as has been said. Lewis Carroll, George MacDonald, Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Ewing, and Christina Rossetti were all close upon his heels. Time’s winged chariot drew near, and Goodrich was never to rival in the love of children—as he once hoped, for his solid worth, not for her tinkling levity—the *Mother Goose* whom he himself had read and forgotten.

His was the last great popularity of the older dark age of Children’s Books ; of the mental atmosphere which, with the kindest, highest intentions in the world, surrounded all childhood with a fog of precaution, fear, and prohibition. He himself created his own historical perspective when he told how he first conceived the Parley books. It was ‘ in conversation with that amiable and gifted person,’ Hannah More, on his first visit to England. He had read her *Moral Repository* as a child ; and he thought, after the manner of many who write books for children, that what he once liked the children of his own old age would also like. He had a passion for truth, and in Hannah More’s clear-cut positive excellence he found it. ‘ Was there not a natural relish for truth

in all minds?' He would satisfy it. And when he had made many books to that end, he looked back and forward joyfully. 'One thing I may perhaps claim, and that is, my example and my success have led others—of higher gifts than my own—to enter the ample and noble field of juvenile instruction by means of books. . . . I look upon the art of writing for children and youth, advanced as it has been of late years, still as but just begun.'

He came from far-off Connecticut both to gather the lawful fruits of his effort, and to teach us; peering out from that simpler America at the complexity of London and the multitude of its enterprises, its concourse of persons and books, yet supremely confident in his mission, and even self-important in it. 'Could not history, natural history, geography, biography,' he asked—and one can see him putting the question, with no doubt about the reply, to civil servants and critics and publishers, to the Prince Consort himself if he could reach him, and why not?—'could they not become the elements of juvenile works, in place of fairies and giants, and mere monsters of the imagination?'

He did actually make that enquiry, in those very words. It 'filled his mind.' But the answer, provided for him in a practical form by the quiet old gentleman Henry Cole, was, simply, No.

F. J. HARVEY DARTON.



*LEWIS CARROLL AS ARTIST :  
AND OTHER OXFORD MEMORIES.*

THE centenary of Lewis Carroll's birth has brought his name once more prominently before the public, and one would be glad if the publicity thus given could have the effect of re-introducing him to the children of to-day. Too many of them have never heard of the Snark, or of Sylvie and Bruno. They know not Alice. One is moved to think that she only survives in the House of Commons and in an occasional crossword.

As an unimportant and affectionate friend of L. C.'s, and a lover of his works, I should like to add my pebble to the cairn of remembrance.

In the early 'eighties I married and went to live in Oxford. I had been brought up in France, and knew even less Latin and Greek than Shakespeare;—facts that rather told against me with a certain section of Oxford Society, but my husband's friends (he was a Student of the House) were kind enough to extend their friendship to me, and C. L. Dodgson was one of the kindest.

He was thin, and very pale. His face presented the peculiarity of having two very different profiles; the shape of the eyes, and the corners of the mouth did not tally. He sometimes hesitated in his speech (your true raconteur's trick this, is it not?) and I fancied he would often deliberately use it to heighten expectancy by delaying the point of his stories. How many he told, and how well he told them! And how did he manage never to tell you the same one twice? He had a defect in hearing which he shared with some other great men (the great Duke of Wellington and Canon Liddon amongst others), also my humble self. I mention myself as being of the one-eared company because it was such an annoyance to me when L. C. used to take me out for walks. Those were pre-bicycle, pre-car days, and people perforce walked more than they do now. I walked as diligently as any of Jane Austen's heroines, and many were the delightful rambles L. C. took me. By Mesopotamia, up Headington Hill to Joe Pullen's tree; down to Iffley; round the '4-mile grind,' over Folly Bridge, along the towing path and back by Kennington; he talking all the way, and that is where the ear trouble comes in!

By all the laws of right and justice, *I* should have walked with my 'good' ear to him; but no! His 'bad' ear was also the right one, and if I managed for a little to dodge round and get on the side I wanted, he always circumvented me, and it would end in my giving up the struggle, and returning home with a crick in my neck from twisting my head round to bring my hearing ear into play.

The walks were well worth the cricks!

In those days, a woman had skirts and feet—no legs; and L. C. was the pink of propriety.

When a stile crossed our path, he went first, and, with averted eyes, and his back turned as much as possible to me, would hold up his hand to help me over. Hikers of to-day! Can you believe this? When, after a few years, my husband died, I returned to live in London, and L. C. would sometimes come and draw from the model with me, at my studio in Chelsea. Everyone who knows his books, knows also his drawings; the extraordinary, whimsical imagination and point of them, which the absence of proportion and balance makes only the more funny.

I never heard of his drawing from the model except in my studio, taking his chance, as he said, of drawing whatever I happened to be at work on. Perhaps he never got the chance elsewhere. Anyway, he caught at the notion with great interest. His letters were full of it. He would send me lists of children willing to sit, many of them child-actresses. In one of his letters he sets forth his ideas on the subject of models. He confessed to having no interest in boy or grown-up female models, having the "bad taste" to find more beauty in the undeveloped than the mature form. 'I think,' he adds, '12 would be my ideal age: children are so thin from 7 to 10.'

I cannot say his drawings were very good, in spite of his concentration and enthusiasm, but I was always delighted when I got hold of a child to suit him, and he turned up.

Letters as late as 1896 allude to sittings in my studio. In the rests, he would lay himself out to amuse our model, and it was interesting to see how puzzled a new child might be at first; how, gradually, she would catch on, and finally give herself wholly up to the enchantment of his stories.

I made the tea; he supplied the cakes, and the lunch rest would get unduly prolonged, to everyone's satisfaction.

It sometimes strikes me as unfortunate that the immortal 'Alices' have thrown his minor masterpieces into the shade.

'Phantasmagoria' has some very delightful things, also 'Rhyme and Reason?'

Who knows the fascinating poem of 'The Lang Coortin,' as funny a thing as ever L. C. wrote, and 'I have a horse, a ryghtte good horse,' etc.; and 'Hiawatha's Photographing'? This can be most effectively rendered as a stage piece. Someone as 'chorus' recites the poem, while others come on, in the different characters, 'the governor, the father' and so on, and carry out the verses in dumb show. We did it, one Christmas, in my very young days, and L. C. was much taken with the idea, when, years after, I met him and told him of it.

Writing of him reminds me of other good friends of those bygone days. Frederick York Powell, the antithesis of L. C. in every way. Burly, bearded, unorthodox in all his opinions, a harbourer of communists and sympathiser with every new venture in every art. He could be seen in the conventional precincts of Tom Quad in a reefer jacket, with many silver rings on his fingers. What did that man not know? Nothing was too big or too small for his brains, and his manner of communicating his knowledge was inspiring.

He had a 'Communard' once as visitor—a wonderful craftsman, who framed pictures and etchings (many of Legros') in a superlative manner.

People don't understand that a frame needs to be as becoming to a picture, as a hat to a face, and he never chose the wrong hat. I never heard what became of him. He lived a long time in London—not too prosperously.

Another friend of F. Y. P.'s was Verlaine, who on one occasion came to Oxford. I begged hard to be invited to meet him, but was refused. 'Verlaine was sure to get drunk.' I protested I would rather meet him drunk than not at all, but F. Y. P. was obdurate. He did ask me to meet the gentle and gentlemanly Mallarmé, but all I remember of his conversation was that the position of words on a page was more important than their sense, and that he considered it more necessary to put those stamps on which harmonised with the colour of your envelope than those which represented the proper postage.

York Powell's delightful rooms in the New Buildings overlooking the Broad Walk were a chaotic welter of books and papers. They encumbered every chair and tripped you up as you walked.

He was troublesome too, in the matter of forgetting engagements, but one forgave him everything. He was a delightful friend, and had the saving graces of humanity, generosity and unexpectedness. Why should such an one have been burdened with the bourgeois virtues of punctuality and order?

And I remember Dr. Tylor, as he was then—tall, and stout and long bearded, slow of speech and very learned in strange outlandish matters.

Coming back one time from abroad, I said to him casually: 'I saw a street in Boulogne with such a preposterous name, "Boucher de Perthes."'

'Boucher de Perthes!' he thundered, 'my dear lady, don't you know Boucher de Perthes upset the Pentateuch?'

I didn't—but I have never forgotten it.

'J'en passe,—et des meilleurs' but no, that is not true. There were none *meilleurs* than those I have mentioned, and perhaps the best of all was C. L. Dodgson.

E. L. S.

## *A JUNGLE BRIDE.*

(WHERE LOVE DEFIES THE MAN-EATER.)

BY GEORGE HOGAN KNOWLES.

THE old Province of Chota Nagpur in India—now absorbed in the new Province of Bihar and Orissa—is notable for its aboriginal inhabitants. These prehistoric squatters of different classes are a black-skinned race, small and slim in stature on the average, but very athletic.

Beginning about a hundred and fifty miles south-west of Calcutta, stretching extensively to the south, and to the east as far as the Bay of Bengal, lies this vast, rugged country of low, grotesquely shaped hills, whose rocky formation, covered with stunted jungle growth, is a remarkable geological feature. Many small hills consist entirely of great boulders piled up one on top of another, with the result that deep crevices and large caves abound; giving ideal shelter to the 'dacoit,' and the man-eating tiger, to the leopard and the hyena. But, where the valleys open out—between these sparsely clad ranges of hills—high tree forests of Sal cover the undulating stretches of country, and swallow up the small clearings of human habitation, presenting a fearsome embarrassment to the traveller; who, from village to village, has to find his way very often with no other guide than the sun by day and the stars by night.

In this wild country—which, in climate, physical features, and conditions governing wild animal life presents a totally different aspect from the sub-Himalayan jungles—there are many small landlords and petty farmers who possess extensive forest tracts, which, however, owing to constant destruction, have never been a source of income. The indigenous village people, over whom these small landlords have never had any but a nominal control, look upon these forests as their own—by right of long-standing easements—and exploit the timber for their own ends; and, being great hunters and experts with the bow and arrow, they have almost exterminated all deer life that once abounded.

The kine too, in these dry jungle tracts, are not only limited to the few that can afford to keep them, but are extremely small in

size, and never in any condition. The result is that, with the scarcity of both deer and cattle, the tiger—when one comes into the neighbourhood—is invariably a man-eater, and the panther, through sheer necessity, becomes one too—though, in other parts of India, the man-eating panther is a rare creature. The bear and the hyena, living in caves and dens, have escaped the bow and arrow, and are plentiful. In many of these jungle tracts, these two (last-named) animals—together with occasional wolves—live in remarkably close proximity to human habitation; and the hyena, like the panther, owing to scarcity of the usual supply of village sheep and goats, often takes to preying upon mankind, usually carrying off a small child that happens to wander unnoticed outside of the village enclosure.

The tribal aborigines, being a most clannish people, have, from time immemorial, been reputed for great independence; and too often do their petty landlords find themselves in the unenviable position of being unable, on the one side, to collect their rents without recourse to distasteful measures, and on the other, of having to avoid the expense of the distant law courts. As the landlord himself is generally related to, and is the warrior-chief of one of the class-tribes of his estate, he is usually sympathetic toward his tenantry. The result is that, as a rule, these landlords are impecunious, and are often faced with the necessity of having to find other ways and means of support. They try to take up some service, or pursue some hobby of a lucrative nature.

Sometimes contracts are available for the excavating and exporting of iron and other mineral ores, which are found chiefly in the unbeaten tracks. When a landlord takes up such a contract and is dependent upon the tribes for labour, it sometimes happens that his recalcitrant tenantry will come forward most amiably—these wild tribes being a temperamental people—and give free labour in return for, and complete release from, any debt of rental arrears that might be due from them. On such occasions, when the members of the tribe represented are in a hilarious mood, the landlord has to stand a good deal of chaff, seasoned with a practical joke or two. He is, on occasions, picked up and weighed; and, if found wanting, an offering is made—amid scenes of great merriment and laughter—of a miserable little chicken, so that he might eat and add an iota more to his weight—which must not be increased too suddenly. Very often with shouts of ‘he’s thin—he is starving!’ the whole of the labour—ready as these tribes are



for any excuse to hunt—will disappear into the jungle with their bows and arrows, to fetch some game for their landlord; and fortunate is this anxious contractor if the nimrods return with something palatable: for he is supposed to roast and eat on the spot any bird or small animal that may be brought back. If a large animal—it may be some carnivore—the landlord must cut fids out of it, and make a good meal. But, on return of the party, the landlord and contractor—should he have remained so long, hoping against hope that some work would be done—usually sees what is coming, and, if advisable, makes himself scarce. Sometimes he is seen bolting, when the merriment of the hunters reaches a climax. Carrying the game with them, they set out on their landlord's heels, and the hue and cry of the chase disturbs the whole jungle for miles around. Usually the contractor manages to escape; but if he should be caught, he is carried shoulder high to his village—which may be several miles out of the tribesmen's way—where, in accordance with the etiquette, he must give the hunters a drink all round of fermented rice-water, or home-brewed liquor, called 'Pachai.'

Though these laughter-loving people may start off from their village with a firm resolution to do a good day's work, either to meet a 'quit-rent' promise or to obtain some copper coins, a sudden fancy—as the result of a joke—will turn the tide in their simple lives, and all work is forgotten.

Love and magic potions play a most important part in their life; and the well-known high morality of these aboriginal people is attributed—and correctly so—to their simple beliefs. They give a woman a very high place, and she marries at the proper age; the Hindu system of child marriage never having had a place in their conventions. Though in all their tribal practices, humour and frivolity play a leading part, sincerity lies very deep, and is the foundation of their unique domestic happiness.

When I came to the district of Manbhūm in Chota Nagpur, in charge of an estate which extended to six hundred square miles, I had to deal with many such wild tribes, and came into contact with their Zamindars or over-landlords. With one such landlord, whose small village was within short riding distance of my bungalow, I became very friendly. He was a fine old man who, out of necessity, had taken to the healing art, and had worked up a great reputation. He was supposed to have accomplished wonderful

cures with his herbal potions, leechcraft and faith healing. He was no mean hypnotist; and, as a devout follower of the ancient, Sanscrit, 'Ayurvedic' system—in the scope of which, it is believed, there is no limit—he even practised the black art, when other reasonable remedies failed, and had his own special rituals for exorcism.

He throve with thirty or forty head of cattle, and was most generous with a free diet of fresh milk to patients who came to visit him; and whom, on occasions, he would keep for treatment for many days at a time.

The foregoing sketch is necessary for the general atmosphere of the romantic mystery of a tribesman's 'amour' and a man-eating panther; which leads up from an incident that occurred some months before my arrival in the district.

I was interviewing the old Zamindar and physician one morning, when I happened to mention that I had heard of a famous man-eating panther in that part of the Manbhum district. He then gave me the following sensational information.

In the adjoining district of Gaya, a Government reward of Rs300 had been notified for the destruction of a man-eating panther that had carried away some children, and had killed a young man; but the panther was so wily, that no one had been able to rid the district of him. The panther eventually wandered into the Manbhum district, and found his way into the estate of the old Zamindar.

A boy of five or six years was carried away from one of the old man's villages, and a baby in arms—lying in a cot—from an adjoining village, a few days later.

The old Zamindar—himself a reputed 'Shikarry'—collected the young warriors of his jungle tribes. The Government reward had risen, meanwhile, from Rs300 to Rs600 (about £50) and was transferred for payment in the Manbhum district, where the panther had now been located.

Among the warriors whom the Zamindar had gathered together from all his villages, was one by name 'Jaduh,' who was the best shot with the bow and arrow, the cleverest hunter, and the leader of the young Nimrods. He had often complained to his old landlord, the physician, that the parents of the girl he desired to marry would have nothing to do with him, owing to an old-standing family feud. It has been mentioned already that these semi-wild, indigene tribes are bound by no Hinduistic canons, and marry

whom they please, provided it is with the parents' consent; the girl (with very rare exceptions) being of a marriageable age.

'Jaduh,' the landlord said, was very much upset; so much so, that at the test shooting, or target practice that the old Zamindar had held—which he was in the habit of holding just before an important hunt—'Jaduh' was not up to his usual mark. He was the William Tell of the jungle villages, and as famous among his people as that hero was with his bow and arrow in Switzerland; but though on this occasion he never missed the upright match-box at a range of fifty paces, and beat all the other shooters—winning the special 'warrior's potion' that the physician mixed for luck—he failed to hit his mark dead in the centre every time, as he normally did, whenever his turn came round.

He begged of the Zamindar to intervene in his love affair, by persuading the parents of the girl to forget the old-time feud, and so to obtain his bride for him. This the Zamindar promised to do, if he ('Jaduh') succeeded in slaying the panther for the safety of the community. "'Jaduh" swore he would do this,' said the Zamindar, 'after he had paid for the "warrior's potion" like an honest man, swallowed it with great gusto, and departed to his village with the other warriors.'

The following afternoon, several men from 'Jaduh's' village, and other villages, awoke the Zamindar from his siesta and told him excitedly that early that morning the panther had carried away the girl—'who,' they said, 'was as beautiful as a lotus flower'—with whom 'Jaduh' was in love, as they all knew. The girl had gone to a stream in some jungle near by the village, to fill her 'chatty' (pitcher) with water—as the women and girls of the village were in the habit of doing—when the panther sprang out and carried the girl away. They said that it was the biggest panther they had ever seen.

The men brought a head-cloth they had found, and, showing this, told the Zamindar that there was no sign of the girl, and that the parents were distracted with grief. They said that 'Jaduh' had also disappeared, and thought that he must have been following his sweetheart; and, seeing what had occurred, he had gone off in chase with his bow and quiver of arrows.

The Zamindar said that he immediately ordered out an army of warriors, and, leading them himself, he searched the jungles day and night for three days, but without success. They could find no semblance of a clue—no signs of a struggle, no drag, and

not a drop of blood. He said that, had it not been for the unmistakable pug-marks of a big panther at the very spot where the girl was seized, and in other places—evidence that convinced the parents of the tragedy—there would have been no doubt in his mind, that 'Jaduh' had eloped with the girl; particularly as he was a man of great daring and courage.

A fortnight had elapsed before there was any news of 'Jaduh'; during which interval the panther had committed two more raids, carrying away a child and wounding a woman at a quarry that was being worked by a Zamindar friend of my friend, the physician. All the landlords far and wide, and their tribes, were now up in arms against this sabre-toothed monster; and my friend, communicating with all the chiefs of that part of the district, organised a week's campaign. The great day of the opening of the campaign dawned, and the physician said he was marching out of the village with his warriors, when suddenly they beheld a bullock-cart, covered up to the top with leaves and branches, creaking slowly up the low hill towards them.

The warriors gazed in silence, then suddenly shouted with joy. Blunt-headed arrows, with white rags tied round them in a knot, were shot up into the air; a signal for 'hands up' and declaring who you are. It was no other personage than 'Jaduh' himself, driving the cart. He stood up and waved his arms, and there was a mad rush down the hill. 'I came up,' said the physician, 'and, forcing myself into the centre of the crowd, who were shouting and jostling each other, frenzied with excitement, I beheld a huge panther stretched on the ground. It had been pulled out of the cart from underneath the leaves and branches, where 'Jaduh' had hidden it. He had shot it; for it had a broken arrow through the heart—"Jaduh's" favourite spot.'

My friend said that 'Jaduh' received the Government reward, as they had no difficulty in proving that that was the identical man-eater: but, the Zamindar said, that 'Jaduh,' instead of being a man of sorrow, as they had all expected—after his bereavement—became elated with joy.

Then, a short time later, a rumour spread that mysterious things were happening in the jungle near 'Jaduh's' village, where the panther had carried off 'Luti' (tendrils of a creeper), the beloved one of 'Jaduh,' now a great hero. Her voice could be

heard at night, calling to her warrior-lover, and the tribe would be struck dumb with many a superstition of her ghost; which was supposed to live in a wide-spreading evergreen, the jack-fruit tree, that sheltered 'Jaduh's' house from the fierce rays of the hot-weather sun. Almost entirely on top of this tree did 'Jaduh' live, with the spirit of his adored 'Luti.' Their whispers and soft laughter, scented with the breath of the mango blossom, would be borne of a moonlight night on the forest zephyrs, and carried to all the jungle world and his wife—each silent tribesman and woman, who slept outside of their thatched huts to absorb the cool and healing balm of the moon; in which shining palace lived their peaceful god of divine mercy and blessing. And this god of night robed 'Luti' with the filmy attire of the spider's cobweb, and gave to her a sparkling necklace of mica beads.

And then, in a lull of the night breeze, an overture would come—an arrow with a white rag tied round it, shot on to the thatched roof under which 'Luti' was born—and, with bated breath, 'Luti's' mother and father would creep up to the tree and, while the man would stand in silence, with bowed head, the mother would raise her arms and sob out, 'My daughter, my "Luti," there is forgiveness in our heart; live in peace with the gods, my "Luti."' Then 'Jaduh,' overjoyed, with the brightness of the moon in his heart, would jump down from off the tree, and lead the parents back to the village folk—men, women and children—huddled together in the silence of deep sympathy and awe. Then 'Jaduh' would return to the tree and call to 'Luti'; and the village folk would see her spirit descend in human form—a lissom figure untwining itself from an archer's bow—and would see the two, like a pair of shy gazelles—'Jaduh' and his spirit-bride—steal silently away, over the gleaming quartz and mica stones, into the silvery patchwork of the deep jungle.

'And this,' said the physician in solemn belief and hushed voice, 'has been a scene performed during the moonlight nights of each month, for the past three months. Two days ago,' he said, 'I gave the sorrowing parents a potion that I mixed for enlightenment; and they and the village people have since decided to marry 'Jaduh' and his spirit-bride. They have fixed to-night for the ceremony, and have sent a message begging of me to be present.'

The old man then requested me to go. Being extremely interested in all I had heard, and in the sincere beliefs of these people,

I consented, and said that I would ride out that afternoon the twenty-five miles to 'Jaduh's' village.

On return to my bungalow, I sent out a relay of horses, and started out for the village early in the afternoon. The rough road led through the lands and villages of the other Zamindar, who was the friend of my friend. I was riding at a walking pace up a hill, through dense jungle, with my syce (the groom)—for fear of wild animals—hugging the horse close, when, suddenly, about half a mile ahead of us, we heard great shouting and the muffled sound of drums—a sepulchral warning that the hunters meant business. This was ominous and we were prepared for anything; even the sudden appearance of a man-eating tiger. I relieved the syce of my gun, and we immediately took cover and waited. It was a tedious wait, and the hunters had come up fairly close, when, to my surprise, I recognised the Zamindar of that locality hastening down the road. He was stooping low with head bent, and turban tucked under his arm. He was obviously trying to make an escape, and I could not refrain from a fit of laughter. He looked up as I hailed him. I knew he was working a quarry, and I guessed the tribesmen were carrying out one of their practical jokes.

'They have shot a small python,' said the Zamindar, 'and they want me to eat it. Tried a python once,' he said. 'It is awful—I would sooner die.' He looked so distressed, that I felt sorry for him and, making him quickly don my syce's rig-out, the horse and I proceeded on our journey with our new groom; the real syce coming up behind as a poor wood-cutter, carrying a bundle of sticks on his head. We soon began to meet groups of the merry tribesmen; but, fortunately, they took no notice of the groom who, complying strictly with my instructions, kept his back turned carefully to each crowd of men as we met them, patting the horse or whisking off flies. The humble wood-cutter and I were, however, questioned closely on each occasion with loud bursts of laughter, and the moments were full of thrill. But to our great relief the hunters passed on, and continued their chase, leaping over obstacles, and shouting out, 'How far can the lamb run?—let him stop and get through the ordeal!' The poor lamb, however, got away safely with me; the three of us having had as merry a time as the tribesmen. The Zamindar accompanied me all the way to 'Jaduh's' village, thanking me



profusely for his escape from—as he tried to explain to me—a week's dreadful bilious attack.

'Jaduh's' village nestled in a deep valley between two high hills. About twenty huts stood in a large clearing surrounded with jungle. It was April, and the hot wind had died down when, late in the evening, I reached the village. The physician had arrived, and a dance was proceeding to the deep, sonorous sounds of the jungle drum; but the marriage hour had been postponed till late that night. While the physician was preparing—for the bride and bridegroom—a special potion that had a charm in it for 'Luti's' return to flesh and blood, on her lover's shooting another man-eating panther, to make his third—an odd number—I was made comfortable on a cot, placed under a mango-tree, and spent most of the spare time in conversation with the bride's mother and father. They said that 'Jaduh' was with his spirit-bride, and that the lovers would come at the appointed hour.

It was a waning moon when I joined the village folk. In the centre of the solemn circle, a large upright stone had been placed, dripping with fresh vermilion liquid, and decorated with flowers. At the foot of the idol lay a small stone bowl, containing the physician's magic potion; and, a few paces in front of the god, there were two stools of rough-hewn wood. On one sat 'Jaduh'—a fine athlete—with his archer's bow and quiver of arrows. The other stool was empty, but garlanded with jungle flowers. 'Jaduh's' right arm, which never moved from its attitude of embrace throughout the ceremony, encircled something. 'It is the sweet spirit of "Luti,"' whispered the physician. 'Even when our wives and sweethearts go to visit friends,' he said, 'their spirits are with us; the spirit, you see,' he explained, 'can be in two places at one and the same time. Those of us that are more enlightened, demand the presence of our absent ones—in whatever form they may be absent—from "Mahadev" our jungle god, as a pre-requisite of human life: and those of us that are exceptionally strong in belief, can project the tangibility of wife or sweetheart; a distinct power,' he said, 'that the husband or lover alone is conscious of. Love is a mighty force,' he soliloquised, as our eyes were turned to some flute-players, 'that neither these hills nor their wild animals can destroy.'

Four young warriors were pacing with slow, punctilious steps, round and round the idol and the bride and bridegroom, breaking

that early morning stillness of deep sleep with soft melodious notes; while the pale amber light from the dying moon filtered through the jungle foliage, and tinted the scene with a weird checkered pattern. When the flutes ceased, the parents of the bride came forward with wreaths of mango-leaves and heads of harvest rice, and, after garlanding 'Jaduh' and the empty stool, they raised their hands in supplication to the stone god: 'Mahadeo, oh Mahadev!' they pleaded audibly, in tones of soft cadence, 'look with thine eyes upon this union, oh Mahadeo!' Then the flutes played again, till the trills died away into the silent distance. For a few moments, no one spoke or moved. Then the half-naked circle of people—the men, long-haired, clad but in loin-cloths—suddenly rose together and stood to attention—the physician and I rising with the solemn congregation—and a chorus of intoning voices awoke the still jungles. 'Mahadeo, oh Mahadev! Look with thine eyes, oh Mahadeo.' Then deathly silence—broken suddenly by a long-drawn howl from a dog jackal, that died into the silence of a few seconds; and then, the sharp gasping yells of the pack!

The parents of the bride now rose silently and departed; and then the men, women and children began to disperse, melting quietly away, one by one, till 'Jaduh' was left sitting alone by the empty garlanded stool. He sat motionless, under the bedraggled, drunken moon—drunk with the honeyed zephyrs of mango blossoms—that melted imperceptibly into the yellow streak of dawn: but (in the rhapsodical terms of these semi-wild people) before the great, fiery eye of that other life that floats on the holy rivers of Time, arose, with its scorching rays, 'Jaduh' stood up, and, lying flat on the ground before the stone god, then rising and bowing, he raised to his lips the physician's magic potion and drank it down. Then he turned, and kneeling beside the empty stool, he picked up the garlands of his beloved 'Luti,' and embracing her spirit by his side, crept away into the silent jungle where the jackals called.

About four months later, another man-eating panther made its appearance. This was apparently the third in the course of eighteen months; 'Jaduh' having slain the two former ones. It was a day in August pouring with rain, when the old Zamindar and physician called at my bungalow, and asked me to go out with him that afternoon to shoot the panther. There was no

'Jaduh' to help us. He had mysteriously disappeared at the first news of this animal's depredations in the district—since which about ten days had elapsed.

We had to deal with an exceptionally cunning panther. The tribes folk were moving about for safety, in parties of not less than five or six, and the panther took to waylaying them. He never showed himself, but, emitting terrific roars, he would scare the party, who would bolt; some terrified woman invariably dropping her head-wrap, or loose skirt-cloth. This cloth the panther would seize and take into the jungle—a habit that he had apparently acquired—and would lie in wait near it, having discovered that the owner would sometimes return to try to retrieve it. A poor tribeswoman can ill afford to lose her only piece of cloth; and, though the women were strictly warned by the men, one in despair would be tempted to steal away in search of her garment. The panther (we had good evidence) had recently killed a woman in this way, and had wounded another, who had been timely rescued.

This cunning brute had been marked down in a well-known gorge, lying between two almost bare hills, about ten to twelve miles away from my bungalow. I lent the Zamindar my 12-bore gun with lethal ball, while I took out a heavy-bore rifle. It was drizzling with rain when we arrived at the mouth of the gorge, with about three hours of daylight to spare. There were three tribesmen with us, who knew where the piece of cloth, reported to have been carried away by the panther, had been hidden. The gorge was a beaten track, where a party had been surprised. We climbed up on the left side of the gorge and stalked through some rough scrub, until we suddenly peered down into a steep, rock-bound water-course, the fairly wide floor of which—like an alley with a steep gradient—led up into a large cave, curtained riotously with dripping creepers. The wet, mud-stained cloth had been cleverly placed by the panther; if deliberately done. Well within view, and easily retrievable, one end of the garment lay on the top of a low bush, growing at the edge of the water-course, while the greater length overhung the precipitous wall of rock. Owing to the hard surface everywhere, we made no attempt to look for pug-marks; but, judging from a mass of gravel and loose stones that had been shifted at the higher end of the cleft, making a passage down to the alley, we made certain that the panther was inside the dark cave. Placing ourselves on the left bank of the water-course, in a commanding position on top of a rock, screened

with sufficient scrub, the physician and I dismissed the tribesmen, sending them back to the mouth of the gorge, to keep guard there with their bows and arrows and to await our return.

We had been waiting expectantly for long over an hour, with no other sound than the soft patter of the light rain to disturb the stillness, when, suddenly, we heard an indolent 'ha-oung,' which sounded like a protracted yawn. The sound came again, a little louder, from the direction of the cave. The dreaded man-killer had evidently awakened from his afternoon siesta, and was about to move. The Zamindar and I turned slightly to relieve our cramped limbs, when, to our great astonishment, we saw the cloth moving on top of the bush. Then the top branches of the bush itself rustled and shook, making the garment flutter along the wall of the cliff. It was amazing—there was not a breath of air! Then we heard a careless tread behind the bush, on some loose stones, and felt convinced that something or somebody was hidden there. Whatever it was, it must have stalked up from the gorge below with exceptional caution, for we neither saw nor heard anything. The dreadful thought then seized me that it might be the poor owner of the garment; but the Zamindar shook his head. 'No woman—unless in love,' he whispered, smiling—'would behave with such utter disregard of attack,' he said. At that moment the cloth shook again, as if the panther were being deliberately tantalised—to be baited out—wherever he was in hiding.

We were gazing on the bush and cloth, and concentrating so deeply on the puzzle, that, for the time being, we forgot about the panther. Suddenly, as if it had been a mental image—a weird hallucination—or, as if a phantom had instantaneously been projected by something, from somewhere, the shape and form of a monster spotted cat was there, standing before us, in front of the bush; so silently and mysteriously had he stalked up. Then, deliberately, with the greatest 'nonchalance,' he squatted upon the low flat rock on which he was standing: then his tail swayed, and we heard its flap, flap. With massive shoulders spread out, and huge head upright, with ears cocked, a steady gaze—in the abandoned curiosity of the tabby cat—was fixed upon the bush on which the cloth still lay. Suddenly the monster sprang up, as if preparing to leap on something on the other side of the bush.

To take a shot was dangerous, for fear of a man or woman being hidden so close to the line of fire; but I raised my rifle.

At that instant, there was a sudden 'whiz,' and up reared the monster panther with an arrow through his neck. A mighty roar—another 'whiz' more audible, and a second arrow penetrated the shoulder—a deadly heart shot! A savage roar and a rush in our direction followed, and a third arrow whizzed past us. The Zamindar and I instantly lay flat on the top of our rock, to avoid being seen by the panther, and for safety from further arrows; but, to our great relief, we heard the 'thud' of a heavy animal falling, some thirty or forty paces past our right front: and then there came the unmistakable dying groans of the huge panther.

Suddenly, piercing the dense, steamy atmosphere, there came a yell of delight from the farther side of the water-course, and a voice rang out, 'Luti, Luti!' Then came the melody of sweet, running notes—for the tribesmen are never without their small bamboo flute—and, in answer to the call, we saw a slim young girl of about twenty quietly emerge from the scrub jungle in front of us. She had wrapped round her a single garment of dark red cloth and, with her black shining hair gathered up on the left side—adorned with a spray of tiny white jungle flowers, 'Luti' looked comely indeed.

The physician was silent for a while; but when he called out, the girl seemed to know him and came and touched his feet. He took her return back to human life as a real occurrence; for, had not 'Mahadeo' accepted the appeal in the magic potion that he, the physician, had mixed for the marriage; and, accordingly, had he not—their god—witnessed and blessed the union?

When 'Jaduh' came up laughing and playing his flute, we were standing over the dead panther. I congratulated the Nimrod on his wonderful shooting, but he only laughed. The physician then addressed the couple as man and wife. 'Go,' he said to them, 'embrace your parents, and make merry to-night with your people.'

I asked no questions. I could not let them think that I doubted, and was obsessed with the puzzle as to where, during her absence, the young lady had been in hiding. I merely enquired—wondering at the bravery of the girl—about her presence behind the bush, and the shaking of the cloth. But these tribal people are reticent: they seldom answer questions, and only laugh. All that we could gather from 'Jaduh' was that he and the spirit of the girl had taken up their position on the other side of the water-course, about twenty minutes previous to the shooting of the panther. That,

fearing the panther might not come out till after dark, the spirit of 'Luti' crept round to the bush, to induce the animal to come out of his retreat at once.

'Jaduh' had apparently, then, come up from the gorge a good hour after the Zamindar and I had taken up our position. He said he had not met our three followers as he had come along a short cut, and was not aware of our presence there. He merely admitted having been away for ten days; that he arrived only that morning, and heard that the panther had been marked down there.

The Zamindar looked at me in surprise, when, on our homeward journey, I could not help commenting upon the bravery of the girl in creeping up, and hiding behind the bush, which was practically guarded by the man-eating panther. It was the most remarkable feature of the romance. 'The spirit has no fear,' said the Zamindar. 'Besides,' said he, 'even though the girl had come up, and had been behind the bush in the flesh itself, she would still have had no fear; owing to her absolute confidence in her husband's deadly marksmanship. Women are like that when they love,' he said with a laugh. 'Yes,' I agreed, as we finally separated, and I went my way, lost in wonderment.

Business frequently took me into the town of our district about twenty-two miles distant. One evening in December, I was playing bridge at the club, and was introduced to a tea planter from Assam, who was on a tour for the recruitment of labour. We were discussing the tribes and their characteristics, when he suddenly said, 'A man by the name of "Jaduh" arrived one morning at my garden, about eight or nine months ago. He came from this district,' said the planter, 'and brought with him a pretty young girl of his tribe, who had been wounded on the shoulder—by a man-eating panther, so the couple informed me. The man was a fine fellow and a remarkably good shot with the bow and arrow. He left at once, leaving the girl in our care. We attended to her wound and healed it up.' The planter and I immediately compared notes of approximate dates. 'Jaduh's' last visit to the tea garden was in August, when he demanded the girl back, and took her away from her work.

The people of the district had heard of, and some of them knew about, the Assam tea gardens; and, it being but a distance of three days' journey by railway and river steamer, 'Jaduh' had apparently



found his way up there with his 'Rose Marie,' where he knew she would be safe. He brought her back apparently, when the opportunity of being able to shoot his third panther presented itself; and he was able to preserve his secret. There was no fraud on his part; his belief in the presence of his lady-love's spirit, in the marriage and, in the physician's potion, being as genuine as that of the tribe's, for, without the great hold that these beliefs had upon him—for the accomplishment of deeds of daring—his courage would have failed him. Again, 'Jaduh' but carried out Dame Nature's great unwritten canon, 'All is fair in love and war.' It is a civilised dictum that the wild tribes also obey; but unconsciously.

How 'Jaduh' managed to rescue his girl from the previous panther that attempted to carry her off, and that he shot ten days later, will ever remain a secret. What I found out, I kept to myself. It would have been a sin to disturb the beliefs of these unsophisticated people—beliefs that have their beneficial influences, and which, to them, mean life itself.

## PHAON.

'DEAR Phaon, stay your dripping oar  
'And row me to the Chian shore.'

'Aye! In and welcome, my good dame.  
'You have no obolus to pay?  
'Then Love shall be the debtor's name  
'Who bears you on your wanted way.'

The boat upon the lapping sea  
Was urged full swiftly to the lee,  
Although no wind had blown the sail.

But when they scoured the further side  
The woman's eyes erst weak and pale,  
The bent back wanting in its pride,  
The wisping voice, the grizzled hair,  
Had changed. They were no longer there.  
Here was a lady, rich, and fair,  
Tall, young, and lithe, no longer old,  
Clad in gemmed garments broyed in gold.

She peered in Phaon's frightened face  
Seamed with the winds, devoid of grace  
Except that from his gentle eyes  
Gleamed light to mate his kind replies.

She wove a spell about his head  
And in a witching whisper said:  
'Be ever beautiful and young,  
'May music move your silver tongue  
'To flow like singing streams in June,  
'And women love you late and soon.'

Then Sappho, tuneful Sappho, came  
Caught by his charm, lulled by his song,  
And all was changed. She could not frame  
Fit poems to cure the aching smart  
That overflowed her bursting heart.  
Quick words that used to leap and throng  
Fell lame.

Alas! 'Twas Phaon's doom;  
His frame was but a lovely tomb  
That cased a soul still old and grey  
Which Sappho's love could never sway.

She sang of him to winds and trees,  
Invoked soft evening's tapestries;  
In vain! So mounting up the steep  
White cliffs she plunged into the deep,  
If so, perchance, that fatal leap  
Might bear her to her Phaon's side  
And Death might make her Phaon's bride.

H. N. FORBES.

## TOOLS, TACKLE AND GADGETS.

BY W. F. WATSON.

THE usual impression the uninitiated have of an engineering workshop is that it is a place filled with wonderful machines which need only to be set up, fed with material and set in motion, and they will produce any mortal thing. This impression is both understandable and excusable.

Touring round a factory, or visiting an engineering exhibition, one may see the machines at work performing their miracles, tended by men who appear to be merely lookers-on, and one leaves the place filled with admiration for the machines rather than for the men.

Press descriptions of the latest development in machinery will go into ecstasies over its capacity to dispense with labour and increase output, and whilst the inventor might be mentioned, not a word is said about the men who made the machine. What do we all say when some new device is put on the market, or when wandering round Woolworth's?

'Oh, yes, of course! They have machines for making those things. That's why they are sold so cheaply,' which is perfectly true. Indeed, there are few things we see and use that are not primarily the product of the engineer.

The fact is that in this wonderful age of machinery, when everybody who owns a motor-bike or car, or a wireless set, reckons he's a 'bit of a mechanic,' we are apt to think, act and speak in terms of machinery.

If managements fail to appreciate these things, as most managements invariably do, how can the non-engineer be expected to understand that countless small tools, plenty of tackle in the form of bolts, nuts, plates, bits of packing, and the like, and gadgets of all conceivable kinds, are indispensable to the mechanic who makes the numerous parts of the machine, or the man who works in a general engineer's shop?

Thirty years ago, when most employers were bitten by the maggot of 'scientific management,' they appeared to regard man as a machine without a personality. Small tools and tackle were

taken out of the shops and bunged in the stores. All the little gadgets we had made for our own use, and tucked away in the cupboard against the day when they might be needed again, were scooped up; and to make certain that we should not be able to hoard up such useful things, they even destroyed the cupboards.

What asses these people were, to be sure! They failed to understand that when a man makes a little tool or gadget for a given purpose, and to his own satisfaction, or if he has gathered tackle around him, he values them—he knows exactly what they are for, and he wants to keep them. They might be quite valueless to anyone else. Fortunately employers soon saw the folly of such a policy, and mechanics were again allowed to accumulate these little details.

If you were permitted to peep into a turner's cupboard—especially one who has been in the shop for a year or so—or in the hidden recesses of his lathe, you would probably see a heap of miscellaneous odds and ends, and all sorts of weird contraptions stuck on the shelves which would puzzle you.

'What earthly use is all that junk?' you might ask.

'Don't you call that junk, my friend!' the turner would reply, indignantly slamming the cupboard door. 'Everything in there has its use, and is of almost equal importance to me in doing a job as the lathe itself.' He would be stating the bare truth—I know.

Managements to-day, even in modern machine shops, do not pay sufficient attention to these 'important trivialities,' and it must be confessed that there are many mechanics who are very thoughtless about them. Only those with actual experience know the time that is spent, and the trouble incurred, in scrounging for small tools, tackle and gadgets.

I am reminded of when I went to work in the turnery of a big up-to-date factory where the finest motor vehicles are built. Their buses, charabancs and lorries are probably the best on the road. The internal organisation was of the best. The progress system was perfect, jobs could be 'chased' through the numerous departments. The bonus system in operation was simple and easily understood; each man knew what his share was.

Normally no man need wait about for work. If he notified the shop foreman when his job would be finished, another would be ready for him to pick up without delay. Shop labourers were always at hand to keep the machines free from turnings, lift heavy

jobs and chucks, and to generally fetch and carry for us. The supply of cutting lubricant left nothing to be desired, and the ordinary tool service was good.

If time-limits were inadequate, there was immediate and often successful appeal to the rate-fixers, and at specified times clerks were posted to receive complaints of errors in wages. Managerial conferences of departmental foremen were periodically held to inquire into causes of scrap, to discuss progress, improvements, rates, and the like. Finally, the plant was modern—at any rate, in good condition. Here is a shop, one would reasonably say, where everything runs smoothly. But, oh dear! . . .

The ten-inch American lathe they gave me was certainly not new, but it was in fairly good condition, and had some modern attachments, including a screw-cutting dial; it was built for high-speed production. The first job given to me was that of machining some small experimental pistons, about five inches in diameter with an inch boss by which it could be held in the chuck. I searched for the chuck.

'Chucks!' said the man next to me in reply to my query. 'You'll have to share chucks with that chap over there.' The 'chap over there' had a lathe of identical size and pattern as mine. He was using the small chuck, of course, so I was compelled to mount a huge fourteen-inch thing to grip a job one inch in diameter! The chuck key was the next problem.

'Oh, there's one about somewhere, mate! I don't know where it is! Perhaps Jimmy Frost, that chap on the big lathe right at the other end of the shop, perhaps he's got it!'

My neighbour was engrossed in a tricky job, and was getting a bit fed up with my inquiries.

Jimmy Frost certainly had a suitable key, but as he was constantly using it for a small operation job, he could not spare it. One cannot run from one end of the shop to the other every three minutes. The few odd keys in the stores were either too small or too large. Finally, on the advice of the foreman, I ground a large one to the required size and proceeded to mount the job.

An exhaustive search round the lathe failed to reveal a tool post spanner, so again I approached my neighbour.

'Damn it all, chum! I don't know where the blinking things are!' He was thoroughly annoyed. 'Harry Brown might have "knocked it off." He was looking for one the other day.'

Harry Brown swore that the thing belonged to him, and as

there was no distinctive mark on it, I was unable to argue the point. Fortunately I carried in my kit a spanner that answered the purpose.

Without any exaggeration, I thus spent two solid hours, by which time I was all hot and bothered. I was very anxious to make a show. Having had a long spell of idleness, I didn't want to be sacked, least of all for being too slow, or for inefficiency. As it happened I got away with the job all right, but I dare swear that many a man, a jolly good mechanic too, has been fired on the first day, either for being slow or because, in scrounging for tackle, he lost his nerve and had a mishap with the job.

This sort of thing seems to be characteristic of many firms, practically all those I have been in, and whilst one can readily appreciate the financial difficulties of the numerous small firms that live from hand to mouth as it were, it is difficult to understand why the big wealthy establishments pursue such a penny-wise-pound-foolish policy with respect to tools, tackle and gadgets.

It is surprising what awkward jobs a turner will get in the course of a day's work. It might be a jig, a mould, a die, a complicated tool; or it might be just a pump which must be accurately bored at right angle to the base. At first sight one says, 'How the dickens am I going to hold that thing?' He must find out. He is given the drawing and the job, and expected to get on with it: the foreman who knows his business will refrain from telling a qualified mechanic how to do a job unless he is asked—the wise turner will spend quite a considerable amount of time studying the drawing and the job, thinking out the best way to mount the latter. Then he begins to collect the necessary accessories.

Here is an experience common to most turners. Jack Hill is given a boring job needing the services of an angle-plate which must be bolted to the lathe face-plate perfectly at right-angle, and the job must be fastened firmly to the angle-plate, square and parallel in all directions. An angle-plate is the first thing to locate. Measuring up the job, Jack finds that one measuring 9 in. by 8 by 8 is just the thing, so he despatches the labourer to the stores for one.

'This is the nearest he's got,' says that worthy, dumping a huge thing 10 by 10 by 8 on the floor.

'Right-o!' replied Jack, who is diving down his lathe-bed looking for bolts and nuts. 'Give us a lift . . . I'll see if it'll do.'

The blessed thing will not swing in the machine—it's too big



and fouls the bed—so off he trots himself to interrogate the store-keeper.

'Sorry, Jack!' says he. 'I've got nothing nearer. . . . Half a minute, I'll see whose got 'em out. There's Bob Brent . . . he's got one . . . so's Jerry Tomkins . . . and Ernie Hurst . . . they've all got one. Mind you, Jack, I'm not sure of the sizes.'

Jack Hill departs on a voyage of discovery. The one Ernie has is too small, and the one in Bob's possession is over-size.

'What's that?' Jerry Tomkins looks up from his job in surprise. 'Me got a 9 by 8 by 8 angle-plate? Who says so? The store-keeper? He's up the blinking pole . . .' Jerry begins to look around. 'Took the blooming thing back . . . at least, I think so,' he mumbles. Then he spots it, still bolted to the face-plate. 'Ah!' he exclaims nonchalantly. 'I remember, now, had it about a week ago . . . didn't take it back, thought I might want it again . . . sorry, Jack. Here's a spanner . . .'

Roundly cursing Jerry's neglect, Jack proceeds to dismount the thing, a very awkward job when it is on the floor. The thundering nuts are tight, which means using two spanners. He humps the angle-plate to his own lathe, lays it on the face-plate and checks it. It's a bit out of square, and must be corrected by inserting bits of tin or brown paper—sometimes thin tissue-paper is necessary—under one side.

Unluckily, the five-eight bolts by which it was fixed to Jerry's machine are no good, Jack's face-plate will only accommodate half-inch bolts. There follows a search in various boxes of odds and ends, resulting in the discovery of four of varying lengths, and some nuts that are tight on the bolts. The labourer is sent for stocks, dies and taps, and the bolts are made free. Then washers and collars for packing the long bolts have to be scrounged from somewhere. At last the angle-plate is mounted—now for bolts, plates, washers and packing for fixing the job in position. More scrounging all over the shop. He may have to make up a couple of cramping plates, and he may need stocks and dies for all bolts. Tools and other nuts will be pressed into service for packing, and all kinds of gadgets used for collars. Then balance weights must be found. Good gracious! What problems balance weights present! And they are essential, for if the job is the least bit out of balance, the hole will be oval and out of square. And how one's temper gets frayed by continually stooping over boxes of junk and walking from one man to another.

'Got a three-inch bolt, Peter?'

'George! Got a plate three inches long with a five-eight hole in it?'

'Got a bit of steel about seven pounds, with a hole in it? I want a balance weight!'

'Oh, go away, Jack, for the love of Mike. I ain't got no blinking bolts or nuts or plates. You can look in my lathe if you like, but I don't think you'll find any.' That's the usual reply one gets.

At last Jack gets all he wants—or at least, enough to make shift with—and he sails into the job.

'Hmph!' sniffs the foreman when the job is done. 'Been a long time on it, haven't you?'

What's the use of explaining, it's all in a day's work. . . .

Few shops are equipped with a sufficiency of spanners, and men have to borrow from each other, which entails much loss of time, and causes friction between the chaps when one fails to return it quick enough. I once pointed this out to a manager, and he promised to buy a couple of complete sets. A few days later he gave me a set of flimsy things (meccano pattern) which so annoyed me that I slung them on the bench without thanking him for them. They were useless!

Many a bearing has run hot and seized up through scarcity of oil-cans. There may be one attached to your lathe, but when you want it in a hurry you discover that Joe Martin, at the other end of the shop, has borrowed it. There will be three oil-cans among twenty or thirty men!

Small drill chucks and centre drills are being continually used on the lathe, but it's often the very devil of a job to get hold of a good chuck, and managements are niggardly with centre drills. Some chucks are frightfully battered about, mainly because they have been knocked out of the socket with a hammer or spanner, instead of with a proper drift. The battering distorts the chuck with the result that it is out of alignment with the centre of the job. Imagine the trouble and annoyance experienced in trying to drill a true centre in these circumstances! To say nothing about the time wasted and the number of drills broken. Good chucks must mean economy in drills.

And how often one finds the very old stuck right against the very new! I once worked for a famous firm of cinema-projector manufacturers, who ran their own generating plant and foundry; and the machine shop was equipped with some of the most modern

tools. Yet, standing in the middle of the shop was an antiquated pillar-drilling machine, cheek by jowl with an equally decrepit radial drill, with one 'Little Giant' chuck between them, which must have seen quite thirty years' hard service. The drills were mostly of the parallel shank variety and worn out. To drill a hole in a piece of half-inch flat stock took half an hour, and was a dangerous job withal! This shop was a real 'Fred Karno's' outfit.

For the convenience of the mechanics who had to do all their own drilling, there were three double-spindle sensitive drill presses, excellent machines when kept in order. There was always plenty of drilling to do, but as there were only two decent chucks in the place, we invariably had to wait our turn. And the belting! Oh, heavens! The belt of one drill was in at least eight pieces, I'll swear. I've had to repair the thing three times in one morning. There was plenty of belting in the stores to be sure, but it was very old and perished. The management refused to buy any new belting until the old stuff was used up. During the two years I was there it seemed that everybody was fiddling about with belts, or waiting for the maintenance man to come along and fiddle about with them!

Tools? I don't remember any other shop so badly equipped with small tools. 'You'll find a bit of steel knocking about somewhere,' was the foreman's reply to our request for a tool. 'Make one up yourself.' If we found a piece which seemed suitable, it had to be tested to find out whether it was high-speed or just ordinary carbon steel. Then it had to be forged at a small gas blower, and ground to requirements. I am quite certain that the output of that shop could have been easily doubled without asking any man to work harder—indeed, they would not need to waste so much time, which is hard work—simply by organising the service of small tools and tackle.

And so one could go on. There is usually a scarcity of morse drill collets and drifts, carriers, waste or other cleaning material, boring bars, cans and brushes for cutting lubricant, dusting brushes, belt dressing, rope, packing for tool posts, and all the other 'important trivialities' so necessary to the mechanic.

Let us be perfectly frank—the men themselves are largely to blame. Some appear to be absolutely incapable of taking care of anything. Upon completing an angle-plate job, they sling the nuts, bolts, plates, packing, washers indiscriminately in the bed of the lathe, in the cupboard, or on the floor. It never occurs to

them to return what they have borrowed, to put each nut back on its bolt, string washers, and neatly place plates and packing where they are easily accessible! 'Let them as wants 'em, find 'em.' Flop goes the angle-plate on the floor. What matters if it gets burred? The man who needs it next can file 'em off. Never mind about returning it to the stores, give it a kick under the lathe.

Such men do not seem to have the intelligence to extract a drill from the collet with a drift, or the tang of a file; they biff it loose with a hammer, and badly bruise the thing. Some silly blighter will try to force a badly ground drill through a piece of metal without fastening a carrier on the drill to prevent it spinning round. The drill revolves, scores the inside of the poppit sleeve, and makes a mess of both. And the man wonders why his lathe centre wobbles! Another will try to oil his machine whilst it is running, the spout gets caught in the gears and is ruined. If he breaks anything he won't trouble to get it replaced by the management, he just 'pinches' another from someone else.

When a man leaves the storekeeper is supposed to collect all the small tools, spanners and keys, but others get there first and there is precious little to collect. Consequently, the new man has the same experience as that cited at the beginning of this article. Remonstrances only elicit the reply, 'Oh, well! It's not yours, anyway. It belongs to the shop . . . !'

Therein lies the secret, and maybe we shall here find that employers are not altogether blameless.

People do not usually value things that do not belong to them; still less do they value things that *partly* belong to them, unless they are placed exclusively in their charge, and it is to their advantage to take care of them. Whilst they may have *some* respect for a thing that belongs entirely to someone else, they have none at all for that which is considered common property, except at the particular moment when it happens to serve their purpose.

Jerry approaches Jack for the loan of a tool; knowing Jerry's predilection for sticking to borrowed tools, Jack at first demurs. 'What's the matter with you?' exclaims Jerry. 'It's as much mine as it is yours, isn't it?' Jack takes the tool from the cupboard where he has carefully placed it, and asks Jerry to return it as soon as he has finished with it. A few days later Jack wants to use the same tool.

'What tool do you mean, Jack?' Jerry is quite surprised when Jack asks for it. 'I don't remember borrowing a tool from you.'

'You know the tool I mean . . . ' explains Jack impatiently.

'Ah! I remember now . . . !' And Jerry fishes the thing from the bed of the machine, dirty, bruised and generally battered.

'You might have taken care of it and returned it!' expostulates Jack, not without reason.

'Oh, shut up, misery. What the 'ell are you grumbling at?' Jerry is very angry. 'It's not yours, is it? It belongs to the blinking shop, don't it?'

Individual ownership in all tools and tackle is, of course, impracticable. One can hardly possess his own lathe, or other machine, chucks, angle-plates, and the like, but it is particularly noticeable that the machine which is anybody's and is used by everybody, is always in a deplorable condition, because it is nobody's special business to keep it clean and in proper order. Neither is it good nor conducive to efficiency to have every machine cluttered up with boxes of tackle, but it is possible, I think, to so arrange these things that they will always be at hand and valued by all. Let me explain what I mean.

The care of nuts, bolts, plates and packing should be the duty of one man, who should be responsible for an adequate supply of everything, and should see that all nuts are free on the bolts. There are few more irritating things than a tight nut. Since a man cannot always describe the particular plate or packing he needs, all should be laid out in a special store so that a man can run his eye over the lot without handling them. In this way he could pick out the thing he wants with the least disturbance of the rest of the tackle. Shop labourers should be instructed to collect the tackle when it is finished with and return it to the stores. The belt-man's duty should not be confined to repairing a strap when asked, he should periodically inspect all belts, and if one looks like giving out, it should be repaired during the meal hour, or after the men knock off for the day.

Every machine should be fully equipped with chucks, keys, spanners, drill chucks, centre drills, oil-can, collets and proper drifts. Every article should be indelibly stamped with the number of the machine, and the workman should be held responsible for their condition. There might well be a regular tool inspection, to facilitate which properly constructed cupboards should be provided for each machine, so that the complete set may be seen at a glance. Should a man be found with something belonging to another machine, he should be required to give a satisfactory

explanation : if anything is damaged, missing or broken, the man responsible must furnish adequate reasons.

Then there should be plenty of angle-plates of all sizes in the stores, all kept in good order and condition, and their return when finished with must be strictly enforced. In addition to the customary wet emery wheels, there should also be dry ones for touching up small tools, and all should be kept properly trimmed. Men should not be stinted of small turning tools and boring tools, although a check must be kept of what is issued to them to ensure that they do not waste any.

Above all, it should be clearly understood by every man in the shop that if he accidentally breaks anything, no matter what; if the oil-can springs a leak—in short, if anything goes wrong with anything—it must be immediately reported so that the damaged article may be repaired or replaced.

Even in such ideal conditions some workmen will continue to maltreat tools and tackle, but not many. The knowledge that there is always an adequate supply of everything, and that anything may be quickly obtained without scrounging round the shop for it; the fact that he would be held individually responsible for its condition whilst it is in his possession, would make him value the tackle; and having a complete kit of accessories to his machine which he must not lend (neither must he borrow anything) he would take great care of them because, for the time being, they are for his exclusive use. The periodical inspection would make the habitual maltreater recognise the advisability of mending his silly ways!

With regard to personal gadgets, men should be allowed to retain them whilst in the employ of the firm.

But look at the expense, many will say, aghast at the boldness of such a scheme. Undoubtedly the initial cost would be heavy, but it would be well worth all the extra expense to remove from the workshop one of the most fruitful causes of friction between and disharmony among workpeople. Moreover, the increased output resulting from contented men—ever the best workers—and the enormous saving of time, would eventually pay for the initial cost. That is the conclusion arrived at after many years of workshop life.

The only snag in the plan is that things might be *too* easy for us. . . .



### THE END OF A DUEL.

ON an afternoon when the sun was getting low, old Abdullah came out of the stockade by stealth. He carried with him something wrapped in a cloth, which he didn't wish to be seen, so, having stolen a little way along the bank of the Juba, he subsided under the shade of a dom palm. Then he unwrapped a bayonet and felt its edge—and smiled.

Abdullah was the last of the dervishes serving in his company of the K.A.R. No one knew his age. He had been no chicken when he was wounded and taken prisoner at Omdurman, and that was many years ago. His face was scored with wrinkles which were almost ruts, and in them was a greyness like aphid blight; scanty hairs of a dirty white sprouted from his chin in the semblance of a beard, but he was strong and active. At no time was he handsome, but when he smiled and his long lips curled round anæmic gums receding from his teeth, few but long and yellow, his expression was diabolic. He was a lonely man. The rest of the company shunned companionship with one older than themselves whom for some reason they feared, though with the courage of a crowd they might jeer at him—cheaply enough, since Abdullah manifested no resentment. References to his long career in the bloody service of the Mahdi would now and then bring that wicked smile to his face; it became persistent when he told of the stabbing in the Khor under Surgham Hill and represented in pantomime for the benefit of the young, especially raw subalterns, the action of prodding the horses' bellies as they passed above him. On the whole he was grimly content with his lot. If he missed the constant warfare and savage debauches of his earlier days, he appreciated regular rations. He had only one grudge. Why should those officers and sergeants who had, and many who had not, fought at Omdurman or Atbara have Sudanese medals and he have none? He had asked for one and only been laughed at, and yet had he not fought so well at both that his life had been spared and he had been offered service with his captors? This injustice rankled. Nevertheless, he had served his new masters well and faithfully. At their bidding he had slain men who professed at any rate the faith of Islam. He had fought against Abyssinian raiders, and Turkana, and had crept

back wounded, the sole survivor of a picket which had been cut off by the Ogaden, and warned the main body in time.

Indeed, he would have been a sergeant long ago but little things had interfered. Those Abyssinians and Sudis who formed the bulk of the company were jealous of him for one thing. Then at Nairobi he had trouble with an Indian banya—a young man who had promised to procure for Abdullah what he wanted, taken his money and then laughed at him. His laughter had been turned to a squawk when Abdullah laid hands on him, and, if others had not rescued him, he would have cheated and laughed no more—as it was, he would bear the marks of Abdullah's hands on his weasand for a long reminder. But so foolish was the law of these people that it was Abdullah who was punished.

Lately, after a long period of abhorred peace, rumours had been flowing round of a great expedition into the Aulihan country hundreds of miles up the Juba river. Camels had been brought from round Berbera and had been dying according to custom. A great general called I.G. had come to take command. The old *Rose* had been beating up and down the river, bringing officers and supplies, and on a reconnaissance had, as was her wont, stuck fast for days on a mud-bank above Margharita with I.G. on board. Best of all, a corporal—a foolish Sudi—had been taken by the wise crocodile which watched the banks, and Abdullah had confidence that, now work was afoot, his company commander who knew his merit would choose him to fill the post. And then the blow had fallen. A new commander—a big blond Major—to whom Abdullah and his works were mere records, had arrived to take over. The old dervish had indeed been pointed out to Major Wiles as a survivor of the Khalifa's army. 'I am told you were at Omdurman,' he said. 'Yes,' replied Abdullah, opening his grin. 'So was I, perhaps we have met before,' said the Major, thinking to suggest a bond. At that Abdullah had shot so shrewd and intense a regard at him that it had dominated his fading grin.

'What a damnable old cut-throat,' said the Major as he turned away.

From that moment a change had come over the old Baggara. The K.A.R. did not require a high degree of 'spit and polish,' but they expected a certain smartness, and Abdullah had always been well up to the standard. Now he came on parade with his puttees badly done up. At bayonet drill, which he had always loved and at which his quickness was noticeable, he fumbled and was reprimanded.

manded for slovenliness. He took no interest in what he was doing and seemed to have eyes only for the new commanding officer. He watched him intently whenever he crossed the drill ground. He asked the sergeant where he had served and what regiment he had been in, and found that he had been in the cavalry and had been wounded. He pestered his batman to watch him when he undressed and note where his wound was, but the batman merely thought the old man mad, and did not satisfy his curiosity. He hung round the officers' quarters and the orderly room, and always when Major Wiles appeared fastened on him that intense scrutiny. This was embarrassing but did not constitute a breach of discipline. When, however, the Major, sitting in the officers' mess raised his eyes from the newspaper which he was reading to find Abdullah's ugly stare fastened on him through the window, he ordered him away and peremptorily forbade him to frequent the officers' quarters. Only the next day he was caught by the Major's servant glaring at his master through the window as he was undressing for his bath in his lighted room. Abdullah refused to budge, a sentry intervened, and he was put under arrest. For this and other small delinquencies he was brought up before the commanding officer. There the old dervish offered no explanation, but maintained an obstinate silence. He took no notice of what was said to him and might have been inanimate but for his glowering eyes fixed upon the officer's face.

Even when he was ordered to about turn and march out, his stare seemed to hold him to the spot until the sergeant caught him by the shoulder and pushed him. It was only when he was removed from the Major's presence that he seemed to realise at all what had been going on, and that he had lost all chance of promotion.

He showed no resentment—not even when he became aware that he would be left behind when the great expedition started. Complete apathy seemed to have enfolded him. His interest, so intense in Major Wiles, seemed to have subsided. He did his drill and fatigues automatically and badly. His eyes were dull and lifeless, and no more did his dreadful smile break the gloom of his dark face. Once only did he give signs of animation when at the order to fix bayonets he had stood there, in the midst of the rigid line with their bayonets on their rifles waiting for the next command, with his in his hand cutting and thrusting at something unseen. He had come to himself when the sergeant spoke to him and quietly obeyed the repeated order. His fellows thought that

old Abdullah's time had come to die, and left him in peace to do his dying.

Now, however, as he glided along the river-bank, he manifested that he had still some vigour and alertness left, and as his fingers felt the thrill of the bayonet's sharp edge, his eyes regained their lustre and once more his fierce grin flickered across his face. He lay quiet under the dom palm and listened. He did not hear the murmurs of the swollen Juba, the cries of birds or the hoarse pants of wallowing hippos, but across another desert than Somalis roamed, there came to him the thud of horses' hoofs. Around him hundreds of Baggara rose from the shallow Khor where the cunning of the Khalifa had hidden them. A trumpet sounded. The white devils were coming on. They had been lured from behind those fans of slaughtering bullets which mowed the bodies of Baggara into swathes of dead, and it was to be sword and spear rending flesh. For a moment there was the thud of galloping; then in a smother of desert sand came the surge of a mass of men and horses. Abdullah was struck, flung to the ground and felt the fierce joy of stabbing upwards into flesh, the blood falling on his prone face and body. Horses passed over him, trampled round him, crashed behind him, hamstrung, disembowelled. A sword had slashed him—a hoof had trampled him—a horse fell upon him—his hand ceased to slash and he passed to the gates of the paradise which the Mahdi had promised. But the gates were closed—and he opened his eyes again to the pitiless, unchanged sky above the desert strewn with the wreckage of men and horses, cries and groans, the mighty weight of a dead horse across his legs and one pain which throbbed steadily through his body and another which shot through his shoulder when he stirred.

But he could move his head and there almost within reach he saw a man with hair like ripe corn-stalks, clogged with dusty blood and his eyes closed. His face to the man of the desert looked pale and soft beneath a tint of dust and tan which would brush off. The man was not dead—he was breathing. Allah had given him a chance to kill an infidel. Could he move his left hand? Oh the torture of it, but it was free—he stretched it slowly out—it would barely touch the infidel's tunic. He must shift closer. The pain of that movement kept him quiet for a time. Not far enough. Once again he braved the anguish. He could insert his hand now, where a great gash from the neck to the nipple on the breast oozed

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blood over a white skin, like that the houris had who were waiting for the Khalifa's faithful 'Ansar.' His hand was in the blood now—one more effort and he would be able to reach to the throat. He thought to move his right hand to feel for a weapon, but there was only agony—his right arm was broken. He lay still and forgot everything in anguish. When he came back to life his left arm was as it had been, lying on the chest of the enemy who still breathed with his eyes closed: if only he could edge himself a little nearer still. The attempt hurt him terribly, but it was done, and his fingers were creeping immeasurably upward, upward, until they could perceive where the muscles of the throat started. But the blood from the man's wound began to flow faster, and blue transparent eyes like glass opened and glared at Abdullah. The blood made his hand slippery and he could get no hold. Defeated by that and a spasm which broke even his endurance, he relaxed his effort and the two bodies lay regarding each other out of repugnant eyes, conscious only of their suffering and thirst.

The blue eyes closed again and the body lay there defenceless but breathing. One more crowning agony and the dervish could squeeze the remnants of life into the desert air. He scraped at the soft flesh with his long nails. Suddenly the eyes unclosed again and now there was meaning in their glare—defiance, fury. Slowly the infidel pushed out his right hand and pressed with thumb and fingers against the base of Abdullah's neck. The pressure was not more than enough at first to hold Abdullah back, but as he clawed at the other's throat he felt the pressure intensified and the fingers reaching upward towards his windpipe. There had come into the dull blue eyes the same desire as the dervish's, and the arms which held him off were as long as his, and the hands had dry sand on them while his were slimy with blood. Abdullah felt no fear, only rage and despair. His chance was slipping from him. Claw as he might, his hands slipped in the blood which ran from his adversary's wound, and steadily, grain by grain, he was being forced back, and the venom of his black hate seemed to lose itself in the fire of those blazing blue eyes. For a time which seemed interminable those two fought for each other's throats without other thought, forgetful of the battle, unnoting of searchers and their voices, compartmented in their deadly single combat. Abdullah knew that he was losing ground, felt the hand actually beginning to press on his windpipe. Then all of a sudden it seemed to him that the pressure had relaxed. He fancied that the despair of his soul had passed

into that other's eyes. He felt himself surging forward for a final grip of that evasive throat and then, as his fingers were closing on it, his spirit passed triumphant into the unknown.

The memory of that hand-to-hand duel in the Khor had never faded for Abdullah—the flash which lighted those jellies of eyes, the feel of the soft flesh and the wet oozing blood, the groping hands and that last triumphant effort. He chuckled deep down at the knowledge that he had sent one of those unbelievers whom he served to hell. If they knew—but it was his secret, the secret of his smile, his compensation for the refusal to consider his claim for a medal. But all of a sudden, as that new officer had uttered those few words about Omdurman, his cherished cache had been rifled. Doubt had come. Major Wiles had the same kind of eyes as the man in the Khor. So had a good many of those English, but then fancy suggested that this one shot glances of hate and recognition when he saw the dervish. His enquiries elicited information which tended to confirm his suspicions, but it was not until he had seen Major Wiles undressing for his bath that he had felt sure. Then he had seen. There it was—a red weal on his breast. There were no finger-marks, but it was enough. He did not mind arrest or punishment. He did not care whether he went on the great expedition. He had another object now. He meant to make certain; to finish that duel.

The sun was getting low. Abdullah looked at the Juba. Imperceptibly the darkness of its surface had deepened. It hid whatever prowled beneath it in brown mystery. That Juba was nothing to him; he forgot even the service it had offered when the corporal was taken. All his thought was, would the Major come that way by boat or along the shore? He commanded the landing-stage from where he lay, and the dom palm's trunk hid him from that side, but there was very little cover to screen him from anyone passing up the bank. He heard steps. Somebody was coming from the direction of Gobwen. He lay very close and listened. Whoever it was wore no boots. It was two Somalis from the cotton plantation up-stream from Yonti. They called to Abdullah—'Hi, old one, are you sleeping? Take care the crocodile does not nibble you!' Abdullah grunted a reply. He was annoyed that he had been seen so easily. He looked round for a better hiding-place. A few yards away was a spot where the bank had curved in a little undercut by the Juba and had formed a hollow, above which was a



low bush. He had crawled half-way thither, when it dawned on him that the hollow sloped too steeply to the river and that he would be hampered in launching himself upon his victim. Pausing, he again heard footsteps coming from the same direction as the last. He detected plain sounds of leather this time. He crawled into the hole in the bank. This was only another Somali but wearing sandals. He passed by not noticing Abdullah, though he was looking in his direction. The old dervish grinned to himself complacently. He was well hidden this time. The tropic darkness had gathered for its pounce upon the earth when sounds of approaching footsteps reached his ears again. There were two men and they were talking to each other in English. He had reckoned on Major Wiles being alone; never mind, he would be very quick, one, two—enough. Allah would speed his blow and the bayonet was very sharp. The smell of tobacco smoke was borne in front of the two men. Abdullah hated the accursed habit.

The two men halted about twenty yards from where Abdullah lay. The bush prevented his having a distinct view of them, and for a moment he had a fear that they suspected something. But he was soon relieved. He could make out that they were looking in the direction from which they had come; and then, through the distance, came the thumping of the engines of the *Rose*. Allah! Would they stay there and wait until the old stern-wheeler came up? Then there might be many to deal with. If they did not move on he must rush in from where he was. He collected himself, one hand with the palm on the ground, the other gripping the bayonet, and peered over the bush and saw to his dismay that neither of them was Major Wiles. They were two junior officers waiting for the *Rose*. They waved to the oncoming steamer. Abdullah slid back and lay thinking for a minute. The beat of the engines grew. He made up his mind. Major Wiles must be on the steamer—he must shift to his old position by the dom palm. It was difficult, because if he crossed the top of the bank the two men might see him. He must try and get round underneath. He slid back to look. No, there was no way there, the bank overhung. He must risk being seen. He gathered himself to crawl swiftly across. The *Rose* was coming nearer. He must be quick. But he could not; his leg was trapped. A terrible grip fastened above his ankle and a tremendous force pulled him backward. For one moment he was amazed, unable to understand. The noise of the thumping engine grew louder in his ears—he *must* get to the dom

palm. Then he understood and dug the bayonet into the ground in a frantic effort to withstand the terrible power which was drawing him back. Had he been able to seize the bush, the crocodile might have been content to nip off a morsel and Abdullah gone one-footed for a longer term of life, but the bayonet sliced through the soft soil of the river-bank, and the crocodile slowly drew the whole struggling meal towards the water. The one fleeting chance lay now in the intervention of the men on the bank or in the boat. If for one moment he could delay that inexorable haul. He dug with hands and bayonet in the yielding soil and shrieked for help.

Then he made a mistake. He tried to turn upon his disengaged leg and strike the monster with the bayonet, fell on his back, and was drawn the more rapidly to a fate which he could see.

The two men on the bank heard that lamentable cry and rushed to the river's brink only in time to see the struggling black body drawn into the water, while the loathsome bulk of the crocodile faded into greater depths. Unarmed they were impotent to interfere. On the *Rose* two men were sitting in the bows with a rifle lying on the deck between them. That cry drew their eyes to a trouble ahead of them near the bank—black head and shoulders and frantic arms battling in the water. They guessed what it was. The taller of the two seized the rifle—aimed and fired rapidly. His companion had picked up a pair of field glasses. The struggle ceased: the keel of the *Rose* passed over untroubled waters to the landing-stage. Darkness conspired with the muddy flood of the Juba to hide all vestiges of the horror which had just been enacted.

'Could you see anything through the glasses?' asked the tall man.

'Yes, I am pretty certain you hit the man—but I don't think you need feel bad about that.'

'No,' said Major Wiles, 'the only thing was to fire quick and risk it.'

Neither then nor when it was found that Abdullah was missing was he conscious that he had won a duel which, but for the crocodile, would have finished differently.

W. M. CROWDY.

## LATIFEH.

BY SIR GEORGE YOUNG, Br.

## A THIRTY-YEARS-OLD STORY OF THE PRE-WAR EAST.

[‘The Changeless East’ seems to-day as remote and unreal as a tale from Marco Polo. Yet the story is true except for a change of names, and it may even provide a problem for the present-day psychologist.]

It was in the spacious and spy-ridden days of the Constantinople Embassy, in the reign of Abdul Hamid, of blasted memory. And as sometimes happens even in the best of Diplomatic Services in the summer months, I found myself as a mere Third Secretary settling the Eastern Question. The Ambassador was touring the Marmora in the Embassy yacht, the Councillor was on leave, and my various other seniors were otherwise eliminated. It is during such interregna that international incidents always do develop. And I was scarcely on the throne before a British tramp steamer, pursuing her more or less lawful occasions with the accustomed arrogance of British tramps towards the Ottoman Empire, got herself put under arrest by an outraged Turkish port authority. Of course she angrily appealed to the Embassy. So proceeding to the Sublime Porte with all available pomp and circumstance, and being received very promptly and politely by an unassuming official, I naturally supposed that he was a private secretary or understrapper of some sort, and let fly at him a broadside of objurgations that made ample allowance for tare and tret in its further passage through the official channel. On learning next day that the *Mary Anne* had been released, I felt I had worthily asserted the prestige of the British Empire and the proficiency of its Third Secretaries. The Ambassador, however, took a different view, when on his return for a few days he learnt that I had bully-damned His Excellency Rustem Pasha himself.

‘Un jeune homme de caractère,’ Rustem had said, ‘il ira loin.’

‘Très loin,’ had replied the Ambassador dryly; and he gave me to understand that any further Palmerstonian proceedings would end in nothing nearer than South America. Wherefore it was obvious that for the remainder of my rule I must avoid any further trespass on Turkish toes.

Fortunately—or rather, as it turned out, unfortunately—

Rustem Pasha took my *gaffe* very well and took me up very warmly. The son of a French renegade, he prided himself on being *très grand seigneur* in his manners and as *fin de siècle* in his mode of life as was possible for a progressive Pasha under the Hamidian Shadow of God with his astrologers, assassins and secret agents. And it was from his country-house that I was riding home one afternoon to the Summer Embassy at Therapia, when I noticed that I had been followed at a little distance by a Hanoum or Turkish lady in harem garb. As I turned in towards the Embassy gates I saw with alarm that she was running towards me with a small rabble of non-descript retainers running in pursuit of her along the quay. She was handicapped by her heavy black satin robes and smothering white yashmak, and there was clearly no escape for her on the open quay between the Embassy walls and the Bosphorus. The shade of Stratford Canning pulled at my bridle, but the shadow of South America pushed in my spurs. It would do no good to anyone and would only risk my living and possibly her life, if I intervened. Ignominiously I fled through the Embassy gateway, dismounted and hurried in, to escape the painful scene that would follow. It didn't. It was the Hanoum who followed. Doubling neatly in at the gate like a hare under the jaws of hounds, she darted after me into the Embassy, dashed past the Kavass at the Chancery door, and falling on her knees embraced mine. So there in a flash was a full-blown international incident in full blast.

It no doubt made a pretty picture for the occupants of the Chancery, who were, in inverse order of importance, the Kavass, the Chancery servant, the Dragoman, the Honorary Attaché, the Military Attaché, and Lady Bee. Lady Bee had no official status, but the order holds good. Through the windows could be seen the red fezes of the pursuing pack poked cautiously round the gate piers. On the wall loomed ominously a map of South America.

The Hanoum, having established herself firmly in the strategic position of an Oriental suppliant, had begun rattling off polysynthesised polysyllables into my waistcoat. My Turkish was good enough for ordinary purposes; but the simplest Turkish sentence has to be turned round and taken to pieces calmly and carefully before it will make sense. And with a panting and pleading young woman clasping you by the knees, terminological analysis and the official attitude are alike unobtainable.

'For Heaven's sake, Mr. Simonides,' I appealed to the elderly Levantine dragoman, 'tell me what it is all about? Who is "her

Pasha" and who is "that Punchinello of a penman, Djemal Bey"? And why am I supposed to have set free a lady called Miriam? And what is a Yarrabox? And what has Queen Victoria to do with it? And who is this lady and how can I get her to let go of my boots?'

It was the business of Mr. Simonides to answer all the Embassy's questions concerning local affairs, which he would do categorically, conscientiously and without concern for the consequences. But on this occasion I could see he was seriously alarmed.

'A most unfortunate affair, sir,' said he, flapping disconsolate hands. 'Thees lady ees not a lady. She is Latifeh, a slave of His Excellency Rustem Pasha, who has run away from 'eem and run after you.'

'What?' said I. 'Impossible. Rustem Pasha, who looks and talks like a boulevardier, with a wife dressed by Paquin, and daughters educated in Paris—he can't have a harem and slaves.' But Mr. Simonides merely shrugged deprecatingly at my ignorance and took the next question on the order paper.

'Miriam—She ees not a lady either. She ees a sheep.'

'Oh come, Mr. Simonides,' I protested. 'Rustem may be leading a double life, but really I never kept a sheep.'

'But yes—that sheep—that merchant steamboat—Latifeh she hear Rustem Pasha say you set Miriam free by swearing and stamping at His Excellency like a Bashibozouk.'

'That accursed *Mary Anne* of Shields again. And Jim the penman—why is he so unpopular?'

'Djemal Bey is secretary to Rustem Pasha and the Pasha gives him that Latifeh to marry.'

'Well, that seems suitable enough. And why should the Yarrabox and Queen Victoria forbid the banns? What is a Yarrabox, anyway?'

'The Yarrabox,' said Mr. Simonides, in his matter-of-fact, methodic manner, 'is the black Devil of the black slaves. Latifeh she does not want to marry Djemal and goes to a witch who makes magic, and the Yarrabox says if she crosses the Embassy threshold Queen Victoria will set her free.'

'Damn the Yarrabox—and is the Devil's international law all right?'

'But no, sir,' said Mr. Simonides contemptuously. 'E is only an ignorant. It is true for a black slave under the Slave Trade Treaties, but not for a white.'

'Well,' said I, 'that sounds quite like real law. And so our

friends in the fezes outside get her after all. I am sorry. Digging out a vixen always did seem unsporting to me.'

'Oh I say,' broke in the Attaché. 'But she is all right in here, you know. They can't come in.'

So I had to point out to him that if they couldn't a teskeré from the Porte could and so could a telegram from the Office. At which I caught the Chancery servant's eye. Jenkins had a chivalrous soul, and I was forced to add feebly—'Well then, what are we to do? We can't keep her here—the Chief and the Office won't let us. And I suppose we can't kick her out—Yarrabox and Queen Victoria wouldn't like it. What do you people suggest? What do you say, Colonel?'

The Military Attaché's opinion was that this was the sort of thing that came from messing about with the natives—that that sort of thing simply wasn't done in the Army—that the sort of thing that was wanted was more discipline in the Embassy—and that probably she was forty if a day. At which Latifeh, who of course understood no word of English, firmly embedded my spurs in her robe and turned imploring eyes on the Attaché.

The Attaché's opinion was that she wasn't a day over twenty, and that if the Colonel wanted her turned out he had better do it himself and he would like to see him try. Mr. Simonides' opinion was that the Kavass should be ordered to put her out. Whereupon Jenkins, an heroic five-foot-six, clenched his fists and interposed himself intrepidly between Latifeh and the Kavass's six-foot-four of red velvet, gold lace, damascened sabre and silver pistols; while the Attaché kept an angry eye on the Colonel. Latifeh twisted her arms more tightly round my knees, and it was obvious that my part in the *mêlée* would be one of enforced neutrality.

But now comes Lady Bee, having as usual waited for the dramatic moment to take the centre of the stage. She had not been asked for her opinion, but that was unnecessary. She had a say in all Embassy affairs that couldn't be kept from her, which were few, and what she said went. So says she sweetly, 'Latifeh will stay with me, that settles everything, does it not?' Whereas, she being only a visitor who was staying in the Councillor's house and on Embassy territory, it of course settled nothing. She could do what she liked with the Ambassador, and might even be able to help Latifeh unofficially; but officially I should pay the piper. However, it served to relax tensions. The Colonel, grumbling that he washed his hands of the whole business, departed. So did Mr.



Simonides, nervously washing his hands of it. The Attaché joyously slapped the beaming Jenkins on the back. And most significant of all, Latifeh released my knees, rose, smoothed her robes, adjusted her yashmak, and demurely placed herself behind Lady Bee.

Now happily there is no such thing, even in diplomacy, as the perfect dilemma, and there are more ways out of an Embassy than there are ways in. The Therapia Summer Embassy was built between a wooded cliff and a quay, but its domain extended up the cliff and was bounded by a wood and a high wall that enclosed it from the open and empty down. In which wall I remembered there was a never-used door. The garden of the Councillor's house where Lady Bee was staying was open to that of the Embassy, but it too had a doorway opening on to the down. The few yards between the two doors was of course not extra-territorialised, and an exit there would be technically an expulsion from the Embassy.

'Shahin,' said I to the Kavass, 'conduct these ladies to the door in the wall opening on to the Maidan, and then report to me. I shall require you for the rest of the evening.' For Shahin was a genial gossip.

'Latifeh,' was my next order, 'you will go with this noble lady.'

'Is she Queen Victoria?' asked Latifeh, who knew that she had won, but was taking no chances. I was rapidly acquiring a profound respect for the intelligence of this young woman—a respect that has since been reinforced by further acquaintance with that most ancient, attractive, and astute of all races, the Georgians.

'Her father,' I explained, 'is Queen Victoria's confidential adviser and she was born in the Gate of Royalty,' which sounded a lot better than Privy Councillor and Prince's Gate. It was good enough for Latifeh, who bent swiftly and kissed the hem of Lady Bee's tennis skirt.

Therewith the affair Latifeh entered its second chapter. In such crises a few hours gained make all the difference, but they remain only a few hours. Latifeh could not stay the night in the Councillor's house, or anywhere else in Therapia, without its being known to Rustem Pasha and to the Porte; for probably half our native employees were in their pay. Nor could she leave Therapia on one of the Shirket steamers or on one of the Embassy launches without being seen and followed by the spies. Moreover, our little diplomatic playground in Therapia was in those days as isolated by night as the Mountains of the Moon. No steamer or craft not belonging to an Embassy was allowed to navigate the Bosphorus

by night. There was no railway, and the only road—a mere track over the down—was blocked by guard-houses every few miles, and buzzing with cavalry patrols. A good horseman who knew the downs might get through, but harem ladies are no horsewomen. Dilemma number two seemed worse than number one.

Happily there was again a hole in the wall. An Etonian rowing enthusiast, with that curious British passion for introducing British mechanisms into Eastern scenery and Oriental manufactures into British interiors, had imported a racing four-oar from Salter's at Oxford. We could only take it out late in the evening, after the north wind had dropped, that daily breeze that blows from the Black Sea with a black-coat regularity from ten to six. But it was of course exempt from the police prohibition against being on the Bosphorus after dark. And as it often went out, it no longer caused any curiosity and would not be watched like the Embassy launches or caiques. Not even an Hamidian spy would look for a Hanoum in a racing four. So, as soon as it was discreetly dusk, Lady Bee brought Latifeh down to the secretaries' boat-house, attired in white flannel trousers, a white sweater and a linen hat—a disguise that was, in every sense of the word, effective, and one that entirely refuted the Colonel's estimate. Trousers are, of course, familiar to a harem girl and she was very pleased with them, with herself, and with everything else. But nothing would induce her to set foot in the four-oar. In vain did I represent that it had come out from England to take her to Queen Victoria. She merely expressed a sensible preference for making the trip in the stationnaire cruiser. The situation was finally saved by stroke, a handsome young Oxford blue from the Consulate, an expert in Perso-Turkish compliments. On finding she was to be his *vis-à-vis* for the voyage, she consented to embark; and we slid out of the boat-house on to the Bosphorus, as odd a crew and cox as ever navigated it since Sultan Mourad turned the Hungarian Embassy into galley slaves for his Sultana.

There was no great risk at first, for the four-oar was a familiar sight, and the watchers at the Embassy gates hardly turned their heads. Moreover, the police boats thereabouts had so often been lured into protracted pace-making that when the Embassy 'shaitan-kaik' was out they looked the other way, like terriers who have been let in for hunting a jack-rabbit. So for a few miles I could steer straightforwardly from my bow-oar, and listen to stroke and cox chattering cheerfully in the stern. And, if I could have fore-

seen the end of the episode and the results of the risks we were running, I would as cheerfully have tipped Latifeh over the side to follow her numerous predecessors.

It was off Emirghian that we were picked up by an inexperienced six-oared police boat, which plugged pertinaciously along behind us, barking hoarse challenges. It was no more danger to us in itself than a terrier to a jack-rabbit; but the noise it was making might collect others. And though ordinarily if we had been surrounded and interrogated the laugh would have been on them, yet on this occasion we could not risk having our highly contraband cargo too closely investigated. So it was almost with panic that I saw in the shadows ahead another police boat shoot out from a creek across our bows. A four-oar is about as quick in turning as a cargo steamer, and police boat number one was too close behind. There was nothing to do but hit up the pace and hold straight on at police boat number two lying across our bows. I have often wondered what the police in it thought, when with a swish of slides and a swirl of oars the queer craft swept down at them out of the dark, swerved slightly when within oar's length, and shot past—shaving their stern, with a rattle of shipped oars. Anyway, with yells those in the stern tumbled over those at the oars and we were almost out of pistol range before they began to shoot. Our cox, with an entirely correct comprehension of the 'Nelson touch,' pointed out to stroke that next time we should rake the enemy, then board, and give no quarter. But she was not obliged.

It was late that night before she was consigned to a suitable Islamic safe-keeping, and the next morning saw four relieved but jaded officials back at their daily duties. One of my first was to report to the Ambassador that a harem slave had taken 'bast' in the Embassy, and that as she was white she had been duly expelled by the Kavasses in compliance with the Slave Trade Conventions and International Comity. I could see that he saw that there was more to be seen in it than the official eye was intended to see; but I knew he would play the game and not ask questions. If I got myself out of the mess so much the better for the Embassy, and if I got myself in deeper so much the worse for me. My head could always be thrown over the parapet to placate the enemy. Moreover, Rustem Pasha and the Ottoman Government made no official move. And Mr. Simonides reported to me that their Secret Service had decided that Latifeh was not in Therapia and was much disconcerted at the success of our Secret Service in spiriting

her away. He considered that she would be safe enough for a week or so where she was.

So we and she now entered our third chapter—that of getting her emancipated before she was unearthed—in which the help of Mr. Simonides was indispensable. Nothing would have induced him to have anything to do with such deeds of violence as abductions by four-oars. But diplomatic intrigue and the intricacies of le Droit Ottoman were his element; and when I dumped on his table a bag of gold for expenses I saw he was mine. The bag of gold, strictly speaking, wasn't. I had found it hidden behind volumes of archives in the Embassy cellar—some long-forgotten bribe for a long-defunct Pasha. And I now constituted Mr. Simonides and myself Charity Commissioners for its administration under a scheme following the principle of *cy-près*.

Accordingly that afternoon saw Mr. Simonides and myself in secret session presided over by Lady Bee behind her tea-table, on which were piled learned tomes on the law of personal status in the Ottoman Empire. And the first provision that seemed promising was one to the effect that a Moslem may marry a Fairy, but must not marry a Djinn.

'I am sure I am ready to swear she is a Djinn,' said I.

'It won't be for you to decide,' objected Lady Bee, 'and any judge or jury would agree she was a Fairy.'

'Moreover,' observed Mr. Simonides weightily, 'we must always bear in mind, that though a Djinn may not be married she may be enslaved—see the case of King Solomon and the Djinn Karait.'

'Well, so can a Fairy,' said I; 'see the case of Queen Victoria and Mr. Disraeli.'

'Who can't be?' said Lady Bee.

'Ah—that's the point,' I exclaimed, keeping to policy at the cost of politeness. 'Who can't be enslaved under Ottoman Law?'

'Taking first general exemptions under the Sheriat,' perpended Mr. Simonides, 'no one in principle may enslave a grandmother or a great-aunt.'

'Why should they?' said Lady Bee.

'Or,' he went on, 'a virgin vowed to celibacy—though as to this being applicable the learned Busbequius has doubts.'

'I agree with the learned Busbequius,' said I.

'Passing then to special exceptions under Ottoman Law,' he went on, 'we find that anyone is entitled to emancipation who could prove his or her descent from a Circassian noble of the military

caste, living in the sixteenth century, at the date of the Iradé of Sultan Selim the Sot.'

'There you are,' I interrupted. 'What could be easier? For does not Sir Robert Knowles, our Ambassador at that time, lay down for the guidance of his successors proceeding before the Sheriat Court, that they should always employ professional paid witnesses as being so much more reliable? Now would the money run to really reliable relations of a Circassian sixteenth-century nobleman?'

'Most certainly,' said Mr. Simonides, 'that would be one of the lesser expenses.'

'Very well then, Mr. Simonides. Does the descendant of a Circassian nobleman go?'

'Yes,' replied Mr. Simonides, reflectively scratching his chin, 'it will go.' Which seemed optimistic to me, but I knew he understood his world. What he did not understand was a young woman like Latifeh.

So without delay an application was filed before the Kadi in the Sheriat Court for the emancipation of the descendant of a Circassian nobleman, in virtue of the Iradé of Sultan Selim—on whom be peace. True, Latifeh indignantly repudiated being a dog of a Circassian; but as she did not have to appear in person, that did not matter. Also, I had to reject the first lot of relations as looking too reduced in circumstances even for modern aristocracy. But that was only a matter for a deeper dip into the bag. And the application, being entered to my surprise on the unopposed list, came up very promptly and was as promptly decided in favour of the applicant.

Such rapid results in Ottoman legal proceedings were positively alarming. 'Why was there no opposition by the Porte?' I asked my legal adviser.

'The Porte is no more officially concerned than is the Embassy,' he replied. 'Besides, officially the Porte are very pleased.'

'Pleased?' I protested, 'when their Secret Service has been trying to bribe or bully every employee in the Embassy to find her and get her back.'

'That,' said he, 'is a different matter and quite unofficial. The Porte are officially pleased that the Embassy has dealt with the case by the proper legal procedure under Sheriat law.'

'Well, all right, if they are satisfied we are. But I am sorry we went to that extra expense on the witnesses.'

'Not at all,' he said, 'it was much appreciated that no expense was spared. The witnesses gave great satisfaction.'

'And what about Rustem? Is he also pleased? Why didn't he oppose?'

'His Excellency was of course pleased that it should be known he had a slave so well born and beautiful as to interest the Embassy. Moreover, he would have lost face by calling in the Law to recover officially a slave who had escaped from his harem. He will recover possession of her person otherwise, and'—here Mr. Simonides took snuff—'unofficially.'

'Oh, he will, will he?' said I hotly. 'But she has now full civil rights, and with our help she can escape him, unofficially.'

'It is possible,' said Mr. Simonides, raising his palms and his shoulders and shrugging off all responsibility for any such proceeding. 'That is for you, not for me.'

And so the affair Latifeh entered its fourth and final phase.

It was no easier than the others. When I went to notify her officially that she was free, she was as composed and as discomposing as ever.

'Can I marry anyone I like now?' she asked.

'Certainly,' I assured her, 'but you had better stay with us until we are sure you are safe.'

'I don't like Simonides Agha,' said she.

'That is very ungrateful of you,' I remonstrated, 'and you must not call him "Agha." Queen Victoria has no aghas.'

'He is a (neutral Biblical person),' she observed thoughtfully—'did you like Miriam?'

'Miriam? Oh, of course,' said I, lapsing into English. 'The *Mary Anne* of Shields, Master John W. Jones, 3,500 tons register, Classed 100 A1 at Lloyds, built at Greenock 1873.'

'It that a poem you wrote about her? How old is she?'

'Twenty-nine, and looks it,' I replied.

'I think she is a (feminine Biblical person). Where is she now?'

'She sailed away, as you will.' For I felt my Turkish unequal to straightening out *Mary Anne*.

'No I shan't, and I think you are a (male person you wouldn't find even in the Bible).'

Evidently Latifeh was going to be no less of a problem now she was free. And it was something of a problem to find a suitable situation in life which would safeguard a pseudo-Circassian quondam-



Georgian quasi-Moslem wholly uneducated and all-too-emancipated beauty from the pursuit of a progressive Pasha with the Ottoman Empire at his back. It was Lady Bee who took over affairs in this chapter, who found her a place with an Egyptian Princess in Cairo, and who, a passport being unobtainable, got her a passage from a British nobleman with liberal views and a large yacht. Latifeh approved of the yacht, though she seemed to resent the Embassy's not personally conducting her to Cairo. But neither the Princess, who was an old maid, nor the peer, who was not a young man, seemed much to appeal to her.

She was to be smuggled on board late at night, and the next morning, when Mr. Simonides entered the Chancery, he was clearly somewhat upset.

'Well, did she get off in the yacht all right?' I asked him.

'Yes, she got off all right. Oh yes, she got off,' he tittered nervously, 'but not in the yacht, not in the yacht.'

'How then?' I asked, 'who with?'

'With Djemal Bey, she married him yesterday morning,' sniggered Mr. Simonides.

'Well, I'm damned,' said I, 'the very man she ran away from. What did the little devil do that for?'

'Any nice girl would do the same,' said Lady Bee, always loyal to her sex. 'She wouldn't marry him until she was free.'

'May be so,' said Mr. Simonides, 'but they do say that she loves Rustem and ran away to us so as to make better terms with him.'

'You can't civilise these natives—no use freeing them—discipline is what they want,' growled the Colonel.

'You didn't know how to treat the poor girl,' lamented the Attaché.

Jenkins and the Kavass did not offer any explanation, but the former looked pained and the latter looked pleased.

Well, whatever it was that Latifeh was after, my acquaintance with her gave me no reason to doubt that she got it. Nor was there any reason to grudge her getting what she wanted; since assuming that her solution suited herself, it certainly should have satisfied everyone else. For the Turk loves a joke, especially when it is on someone else, and so do Ambassadors. So that relations between the Porte and the Embassy, and between the Ambassador and myself, became for some time quite jocosely genial. Yet all the same I have never forgiven or forgotten her.

*AFTERNOON OFF.*

BY DOROTHY WHIPPLE.

As soon as she had dried the last plate, she snatched off her cap and shook out her hair.

'Thank the Lord that's done,' she said. 'Bye-bye. I'm off.'

'Be good,' warned the chef, sending an admiring glance after her slender disappearing legs. When Irene was in the hotel kitchen, he found it bearable; when she was not, he thought of going back to sea as ship's cook.

At the top of the back stairs, Irene paused in the untying of her apron strings to listen. Was there a chance of getting a can of hot water from the bathroom? Through the open windows came the voices of the hotel guests in the garden, and the voice of the sea, very gentle to-day, no more than an indrawn breath. But in the house no one seemed to be moving. Mr. and Mrs. Probert were shut away in their own room having sleeps or after-lunch cups of tea. They had turned their house at Shawn Bay into an hotel and done it very badly, thought Irene. They tried to manage with too small a staff; only one of everything, one cook, one boots, one chambermaid, one waitress, which was Irene. They were stingy with everything, even hot water. But the staff circumvented their employers whenever they could and Irene got her hot water.

She locked the door of the bedroom she shared with Violet, the ancient chambermaid, and began the toilet necessary to an afternoon off.

She hurried. Every afternoon off she hurried as if there was something to hurry to. She dropped her black dress to the floor, she peeled off her black cotton stockings, divested herself of everything she wore for service in the hotel, except the rolled-gold slave-bracelet above her left elbow. This she never took off.

She was a waitress, but under her uniform she wore a gold slave-bracelet. She was not what she seemed. Her bracelet transformed her. Whenever she touched it, lying hard and smooth under her alpaca sleeve, it gave her a secret sense of romance and luxury; it meant beauty, possibility, anticipation. And at night, when she lay with her arm outside the sheet, it reminded her that she was not, never could be, like old Violet in the bed beside her. The bracelet

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made her different. The stuffy room, her flannelette pyjamas, Violet's proximity, did not matter; the bracelet was on her arm. She never took it off; it was the precious symbol of something she could not explain.

She pinned her red curls up now with a comb and washed extensively with a pink scented soap. She put on green-and-white plaited shoes, but no stockings; she put on what she called her 'cams'—a single garment of jap silk and tea-coloured lace—a white dress, a green belt and no more. When Irene went out, she undressed like her betters. And when her powder and lipstick were on and her curls arranged, no one could have told her from an hotel guest, except that her legs were too white.

She gave a last look at herself in the glass; back, front and side. She was ready. Her afternoon off had begun.

As she passed the kitchen window the chef leaned out; but she took no notice of him. She let his smile die away on his face without so much as a glance at it. She was quite affable to him in the kitchen, but on her afternoon off it was different.

She shook out her hair and went through the blue hydrangeas and the pale coral tamarisks to the post office. The hotel and the post office were the only human habitations at Shawn Bay.

'Packet of the usual, please,' said Irene, conscious of the presence of hotel guests at the post-card stand.

'Well, how time does fly,' remarked the postmistress, clapping the cigarettes on the counter. 'Is it your afternoon off again already?'

Irene cast a baleful look at her. Wasn't a week long enough in between? And it annoyed her to have her afternoon off referred to like that in front of other people; it dashed it, it made it into something a waitress had along with her uniform.

With a proud expression on her face, she lit a cigarette and left the post office.

'That's our waitress,' said one of the hotel guests.

'Some waitress,' said another admiringly, a man.

Irene heard them, but she was not gratified. They were not the right type.

She went down the lane to the shore, her hair aflame in the sun, the green belt undulating at her waist, the cigarette in a long green holder from Woolworth's. In the hedges valerian grew, and she caught sight of a wild strawberry like a secret jewel in the grass. She would pick it later, she thought, when there was no one about.

It was hardly the thing to be picking and eating from the hedges the minute you came out. She marked the place and continued to the shore.

Shawn Bay was no more than a small scoop out of the cliffs ; as if some great hand had, with brief kindness, made a little play-place for little human beings, where they could dip themselves on the margin of the sea and sit themselves down without feeling over-powered from the height. Mr. Probert had built a little slip-way, but the sea had knocked it down again, and contemptuously tossed Mr. Probert's blocks back on to the shore.

On these blocks some of the hotel guests were idling before going off in their cars to other places for the afternoon. Every afternoon they went off to other places, and suddenly it occurred to Irene that perhaps someone might ask her to go somewhere too. The idea came to her all at once, and she blushed at it. It would all be very awkward and she would have to insist on paying for her own tea and all that. . . . In fact, it might be so awkward that she would have to say no. . . .

She stepped past them without looking at them. She would not seem to force an invitation for the world.

She knew the very fashionable woman was there ; she used lovely scent and Violet said her dressing-table was covered with yellow enamel brushes and combs. Irene always imagined her feeding on partridge and champagne, and thrusting her feet into pink silk slippers trimmed with white fur when she got out of bed in the mornings. Her husband was much younger than she was, and seemed to spend his time driving about very fast in a Rolls-Royce.

The young honeymooners were there too. They were so nice in the dining-room, never minding how long they waited in between courses. Irene neglected them a little for the impatient ones, but she was grateful to them for all that.

There was the pretty girl married to the fat man with the big car, and the brown young man in the same party. There were the tennis-playing girls and the two women doctors, very serviceable-looking these last, in blazers and glasses.

When Irene was almost past, she raised her eyes and smiled faintly at the governess of the spoilt boy. They had a common bond. The boy was tiresome with his food ; Irene had to keep getting him one thing after another and the governess to coax him to eat it.

Irene went beyond the slip-way a little and sat down. Her heart beat fast. She felt sure someone was going to ask her to go out in a

car. She kept her head bent. The rocks were starred with limpets. You could move them the first time you tried, but never again. Her red fingers moved among them, trying.

The fashionable woman was the first to go.

'Of course, she'd never ask me,' said Irene, letting her go without a pang.

The fat man, his pretty wife and the brown young man went next. Irene admitted that she had not expected anything from them either.

The young honeymooners went, and the mother beckoned to the governess from the top of the hill.

'Come along, Peter. We're going to Sonnis Castle, you know,' called the governess, making her voice very bright.

'That *would* have been nice,' thought Irene, looking after them.

And then the tennis players and the women doctors, as if afraid of being left behind, rushed up the hill to the hotel all together, and the shore was suddenly empty, except for Irene and a man reading on a rock out to sea.

Excitement went with the guests. The blush ebbed from Irene's cheek.

'Fancy thinking they would ask me out,' she thought. 'I must be going loopy.'

She clasped her arms round her knees and stared before her. The sun was very warm. In a pool as small as a hand-mirror a tiny spotted fish swam with its shadow. The rocks merged into pink, mauve and blue pebbles, the pebbles into fine shingle, the shingle to the sea. Irene's eyes wandered over all until they came to the man on the rock. She recognised him; he sat at the table by the door and read as he ate. His hair was grey; he wouldn't do.

Two people were coming down to bathe; they were young, she could tell that from afar by the grace of their bodies in their short, gay bathing-suits. When they came nearer she saw that it was the brown young man with the pretty wife of the fat man. They had not gone with him in the car this afternoon, then.

She watched them with interest; half-smiling at their antics in the bathing-pool. They could do anything in the water, she thought. They were as at home in it as they were on land. They were at home everywhere, she thought.

There was a sudden silence in the pool. The girl was floating on the surface of the water with her arms outstretched, and as Irene looked, the young man leaned down to kiss her. Her face went under the water beneath his lips and came up again ready to be kissed a second time.

Irene caught her breath. It was beautiful, it was unbearable. Besides she shouldn't; she was married. Oh, if only she herself had a young man to kiss her in a pool! If only someone would kiss her—someone she wanted to kiss her. Only there was nobody—nobody at all. Nobody that would do.

She got up abruptly from the rock. She couldn't bear to look at those two any more. That girl could have everything, it seemed; a husband, a big car and this brown young man as well. Only Irene did not covet the husband; he would not have done for Irene; he wasn't the type. . . .

She decided to bathe. They would be gone from the pool by the time she was ready. She went back to the hotel for her things. She must undress in the cave on the shore, because Mrs. Probert would not approve of her walking down in her bathing-suit, even on her afternoon off.

'Hullo,' cried the chef, leaping from the lobsters to the kitchen window. 'All alone? Want a pal?'

'No,' said Irene coldly. 'A bathe.'

She undressed in the cave, which was cool with runnels of water over its smooth black walls. She fancied she could smell the scent the fashionable woman used, and wrinkled her nose at it. When she leaned over the woman, with the vegetables, she thought it a lovely smell, but here by the sea it seemed wrong somehow. Irene was surprised at herself for coming to such a conclusion; a nice scent should have been a nice scent anywhere, she would have thought.

She did no more than dip in the pool and come out again. There was melancholy in the still green water and the silence. And she was oppressed by the lack of a young man to kiss her.

Would anything ever happen, she wondered, taking her wet things back to the hotel.

The chef popped out of the window again. The inevitability of the chef annoyed her, and she went up to the post office to get a cup of tea.

It was pleasant to sit in the little garden and be waited on for a change. But she was conscious that the postmistress was looking at her from behind the curtains, disapproving of her legs and her lips.

'Let her,' thought Irene, lighting another cigarette.

After tea she went to look for wild strawberries, and this she enjoyed, singing to herself and holding up the fairy fruit to look at for a long time before she ate it. But after a time, she could not find any more and her face grew wistful again.



Then she had the idea of going back to the hotel for Rough, the dog. She got her walking-stick at the same time, a smart affair with a leather thong for the wrist. She filled her arms with valerian from the hedges and felt the very picture of a young lady of means exercising her dog.

A strange young man came stepping lightly up the lane in rubber shoes. The colour rushed into her cheeks at his approach. She shook back her hair and called: 'Rough! Rough! Naughty dog!' in a very refined voice. But it was no good. The young man went on. She looked after him despairingly.

She went back to the shore. The wind was cold now on her bare legs. The sky over the sea had gone green. She gazed at it.

'I wish I had a link of beads like that,' she thought.

It was time to go in. Calling the dog she went back up the lane.

Her afternoon off was over, and nothing had happened again. Nothing at all. Her excitement, the green-and-white shoes, the cigarette-holder, her shining hair had come to nothing.

She went slowly up the back stairs to the bedroom and divested herself of her finery. She dressed again in her black alpaca, her black cotton stockings, and quenched the fire of her hair under a frilled cap. She tied her apron as she went down the stairs.

She rang the gong and took up her stand beside the serving-hatch in the dining-room, waiting for the guests to come in.

The chef bent his white-capped head to look through at her. His eyes goggled upwards admiringly.

'Buck up with the veg. a bit to-night, if you can,' said Irene

'Righto,' he whispered. 'Seeing as it's you as asks me. Have a good time this afternoon?'

'Same as usual,' replied Irene, changing her weight from one hip to the other.

The chef went cheerfully back to his range. He was glad she had not enjoyed her afternoon off.

The guests began to come into the dining-room. The girl with her hand in her fat husband's; the young man behind. The scented woman moved to the middle table, drawing all eyes after her. The spoilt boy came in struggling with his governess. The man who read on the rocks sat down at the little table near the door, reading still.

Irene, her eyes on the hatch waiting for the soup, put up her hand and felt for the gold bracelet above her elbow. It was there. Under the pressure of her fingers it exuded hope. She shook back her hair. Perhaps next week. . . .

## THE PASSING OF A SOCIAL ORDER.

BY VISCOUNTESS BARRINGTON.

WE are living in strange and troublous times, under the shadow of a financial crisis almost unparalleled in our country's history. We are facing the penalising effects of an Emergency Budget, made necessary as much by world conditions and falling world prices, as by extravagant expenditure by successive governments at home, and the indiscriminate administration of the Dole. An Emergency Budget, which, pressing with severity on high and low, and rich and poor, has fallen with peculiar hardship in its incidence of 70 per cent. on the direct taxpayers—those who owing to increased taxation, and reduced incomes of recent years, are least able to bear any additional burden. And only recently the conversion of the Five Per Cent. War Loan has made further sacrifices necessary for many whose capacity for economy has been strained to breaking-point. Widespread and far-reaching have been the sufferings entailed. Yet so uncomplainingly and cheerfully, with but few exceptions, have these hardships been borne, that many have failed to realise how severe they have been.

At this opportune moment a writer of a leading article in *The Times* speaks of the interest attaching to any census, if it could be compiled, of the various efforts of the English nation to meet the new and onerous conditions under which they have been living in the past few months. Yet if we look back on this period of time, there are many indications of how economies have been effected.

For the working man the cuts in unemployment pay have meant the loss, in many instances, of even the necessities of life. All honour to numbers of this class, who, in voting for a National Government pledged to retrenchment, were aware they would be amongst the victims of economy schemes. Again, for the manual workers and city clerks, home comforts are now luxuries which they cannot afford, and many have had to surrender the few hours' rest so sorely needed after a hard day's work, to act as a substitute for the daily 'help' the over-taxed wife has had to dismiss. Where professional men are concerned, and where ability is often gauged

by the size of the house and the make of the car, it is wellnigh a hopeless conundrum how to bring into line the appearances it is necessary to maintain and the reductions which have to be made. Others, again, of the poorer gentry folk, in a still worse plight, with a small fixed income and falling dividends, are living in almost abject poverty.

When we come to the propertied and gentry classes, so drastically have conditions and circumstances changed, the question of retrenchment becomes more serious, and comparison can only be found with the extinction of the yeoman class commencing in the Industrial Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century and culminating in the after-effects of the French War. In the preoccupation of the nation with the world-wide issues of the day, a silent, social revolution in the style of living and traditions of years is being enacted in a quiet and unobtrusive fashion, unperceived in its full significance by those around.

Since the Emergency Budget was passed, a complete metamorphosis has been experienced in home and family life, and for the past few months attention has been concentrated on the various methods in which drastic economies can be made, with the minimum loss of social status and comforts to themselves and others dependent on them.

It is interesting to note the unanimity with which the closing of estates and houses has been considered the first and most effectual step to be taken in meeting the situation. Estates of various sizes are thrown on the market, country houses dismantled on all sides, and those living in palatial dwellings have moved to smaller habitations, while the dispossessed have retired to flats or country cottages. But these movements have had their repercussion on the working classes. Gardeners, chauffeurs and domestic servants have been dismissed by the score, with the probable result that the savings effected in unemployment pay by the more rigid application of the test for the Dole, will be offset to a great extent by the cost of maintaining the new applicants seeking help from Public Assistance Committees.

Neither have these measures—so disastrously affecting others—brought the pecuniary relief the owners hoped to obtain by the sale of their properties. Few purchasers are now forthcoming to buy the many estates for disposal, which must therefore be kept in repair at considerable outlay, or lose their selling value. For while, after the Great War, the 'new rich' came forward to buy

from the 'new poor,' in present days even the happy possessors of the vast sums it is said still remain in the country, have learnt by experience that though land may rise in value, big houses and cottage properties are anything but a business proposition and bring with them responsibilities for which there are few compensating advantages.

The servant problem has also figured in this question, and the impossibility of effecting retrenchments, with a staff accustomed to the lavish display of former years, and who cannot dissociate meanness from economy, has led many of the gentry to move to smaller houses, where fewer servants, with less grandiose ideas, will allow of a modified style of living.

Nor will any slight reduction in the Income Tax bring any material relief, when it may still stand at 4s. 6d. in the £; when super-tax is at its present impossible dimensions and the cumulative effect of excessive taxation and heavy losses of previous years have also to be taken into account. Not that this applies to all those in the higher social ranks. For the few remaining ultra-millionaires there is not much difficulty in meeting demands out of a handsome balance at the Bank, or by a draft on capital—although here also successive death duties of two or three generations will materially alter the position. There is little sympathy with the man who complained that with two places in the country, a moor in Scotland, a house in town and a villa in the south of France, he would now have some trouble in making both ends meet! The people to be compassionated are those who are only desirous of retaining intact the one house held in the family maybe for many years past, with the few remaining amenities which have survived bad times.

But to maintain these homes is now almost an impossibility, more especially where the restrictions on a 'tenant for life' preclude any drawing on capital to meet an abnormal crisis. Even when super-tax returns (the assessment made on an earlier prosperous year) show an income of many thousands; mortgages, fixed allowances and other liabilities, reduce spending capacity to a quarter of that amount. When all available resources have been exhausted by State inroads on income and capital, no surplus is left to meet the exigencies of the present times. And yet it is on this question of surplus or margin available so much depends.

International problems have also their say in the matter, for though a balanced Budget and better trade may justify some con-

cessions as regards taxation, the economic interdependence of one country on another, evidenced in all recent events, reveals that only recovery in world prices and stability in foreign currencies can make for the prosperity of both nations and individuals alike.

The transitory or permanent character of the present position must again affect the decision whether economies must be made for years to come, or merely to tide over the present distress. But here we find, once more, the uncertainties and perplexities seen in all financial and political developments of the day. While optimists foretell a revival of the increased employment seen a few months ago, and maintain that trade has already improved under the aegis of the anti-dumping measures, and that in the near future we shall enjoy once more the marvellous prosperity which followed on the lean years after the Napoleonic Wars, pessimists, on the other hand, point to the fluctuating nature of both trade and unemployment returns, and to the growing number of the workless (augmented by the labourers dismissed from the farms in the past weeks), and find no similarity, in the successful years of the last century, the trade supremacy then possessed by Great Britain and the vast sums available for new undertakings, with the present position, when the industrial progress of other nations has in many ways outdistanced our own efforts and when the funds which might have served to start new ventures have been absorbed in death duties and direct and indirect taxation. Neither have we a definite lead from those who ought to know. Mr. Runciman foretold months ago that 1932 might be the worst financial year we have yet experienced, and later he accentuated the fact that although 'the Budget was passed, the crisis was not over'; and the expectations raised not long ago in certain sections of the Press, of an approaching reduction in taxation, have been nullified by Mr. Chamberlain's warning that 'we may still be called to remain longer in the firing line'! Again, while the Exchequer takes the last penny we possess, the Prime Minister advocates spending 'wisely but well,' and accompanying the taxation which has obliged many to sell their property and dismiss their staff, is the reminder that true patriotism is shown by increasing the employment of labour.

In these conflicting opinions, still further methods of retrenchment are being explored, and amongst the new proposals, the gospel of the 'Simpler Life' is being brought to the fore, educational plans for sons and daughters revised, and the merits and demerits

of Public Schools widely discussed. Parents are also finding in the Grammar and High Schools for girls an excellent substitute for the more expensive educational establishments, the cost of which frequently surpasses boys' Public School fees. In many cases sons have been withdrawn from Public Schools a year earlier than originally intended, and a good business opening sought, in the place of a University training or Army career.

Though subjected recently to severe criticisms, few will deny the splendid influence of the English Public Schools on national life and character, the sense of justice and fair play inculcated, the cult of good form and the inspiring traditions, with their lasting impressions on after-years. But the question arises, are these advantages unobtainable in other ways? May they not possibly count for too much, when circumstances call for a simpler life, strenuous work and the harder upbringing to fit for the more severe demands now to be made on the rising generation; and are they sufficiently great to justify the serious drain on the income of a family possessing only moderate means? Nor can it make for the unselfishness of the favoured sons, to find comforts curtailed in the home, in order to pay for their maintenance at a so-called first-rate school. These are points deserving consideration, in view of the fact that many educated with fewer social advantages have scored equal success and distinction in after-life.

Parents often find that school fees are the heaviest item in the family budget, and it is doubtful whether the various economies suggested in the Press, as regards catering, sports contributions, boys' clothing, etc., and even the generous surrendering of part salaries by assistant masters, will secure any adequate saving of expense. The same applies to the infinitesimal savings it is proposed to make at Oxford and other universities, by reducing landladies' charges and by the substitution of a bed-sitting room for two rooms.

And in these circumstances, the question might well be raised, why are Englishmen alone in maintaining a costly elementary schooling for the children of others, while providing a still more expensive education for their own sons? In nearly all other countries, rich and poor alike benefit by the excellent schools provided by the State, and if it is the fusion of classes to which objection may be made, it can be urged that the system has worked well abroad, where the young men of social status can still choose those in their own position as their chief friends. Again, is not



the closer association of different ranks the very trend of modern ideals and theories, and reflected in the friendly intercourse of one and all in competitions, sports, holiday camps and clubs of present days ?

Again, we must remember that both Eton and Winchester were founded and endowed originally for poor scholars and choristers, although gratuitous instruction was also provided for an indefinite number of boys going to Eton from any part of the world. In the same way both Oxford and Cambridge Universities in the first instance were intended for the use of impecunious students, who, in some of the colleges, took part in the menial work of the House, in the hopes of admission to a Fellowship. It was not until the sixteenth century that these universities, as well as Eton, assumed a more aristocratic bias and began to receive the sons of men of more affluent circumstances while continuing the maintenance of poor scholars. Though obvious drawbacks may be found, in imitating an example which involves so radical a departure from the traditions of years, the 'fors and againsts' in our financial crisis, deserve investigation.

But the greater perplexity for parents is found in the choice of future careers for sons and daughters. The earlier fetish that no profession other than the Bar, the Church, the Army and the Navy were worthy of a gentleman, has long been discarded in favour of the advantages of more lucrative posts, but these are increasingly hard to find, and the remuneration for the underpaid jobs alone obtainable—where no special vocational training has been given—is insufficient to pay for board and lodging, and leaves the young people still dependent on their parents' support for many years to come.

It may be, for higher and lower classes alike, the hopes of the future lie in some far-reaching and comprehensive scheme of state-aided emigration, now made possible under the closer *rapprochement* to be effected with the Dominions. But this question in its several aspects presents many serious difficulties. While vast tracts are waiting for development overseas, and thousands of settlers could be employed in their cultivation, the Dominions have their own unemployment problems and mistrust the working capacity and good citizenship of the men who have lived on the Dole, and the grit of others, brought up, as they suppose, in the lap of luxury. Nor do we find, in the youth of the present day (except in the field of aircraft activities), the spirit of

adventure, so marked a feature of an earlier generation, for whom the splendid achievements of the pioneers in exploration work seem to have held a peculiar charm. This may possibly be due to the fact that the excitement and romance for which all young people crave, and which they formerly had to seek abroad, is now brought home to our villages and towns in the thrilling and spectacular drama reproduced on the film screens. Again, there is a deterrent effect in the recognition that many difficulties have to be faced, especially in the earlier days of colonisation, and that success cannot always be assured, even by the most industrious. Much 'spade work' remains to be done in removing prejudices and in providing more suitable training for farming overseas, if conditions are to be so improved as to afford a fair competency and a happy life to those who emigrate.

Another method of economy prevalent in the upper circles is found in the 'simpler life,' much patronised during the War, but lost sight of in the following years, and only revived in the growing stringency of recent financial conditions. Short and simple dinners now succeed the sumptuous banquets of pre-war days, and the extravagant balls of earlier times given by private hostesses are replaced at a moderate figure by subscription and other dances, run on less expensive lines. Dowagers are introducing 'high teas' or frugal suppers, with their bridge tournaments, while the 'simpler life' for young ladies seems to have found its vent in the cult of pyjamas and the passion for cocktail parties, which apologists claim are, anyway, inexpensive to provide. These idiosyncrasies, harmless enough in themselves, work, unfortunately, to the same ends as the weekly picture papers, in convincing the lower classes that lives of pleasure-seeking and excitement are the characteristics of social life. It is said that when the secretary of the Socialist party in London offered to send a speaker to some by-election, to dwell on the vagaries of the idle rich, he was informed it was unnecessary to incur such expense—a few copies of the Society picture papers would be equally efficacious in useful propaganda!

Yet the 'simpler life,' in its truest sense, may be one of the successful solutions of the present difficulties. Many have learnt by experience, in these hard times, how much hitherto done by others can now be done by themselves, and that lives can be as happily spent when extravagant expenditure on luxuries is excluded, and the keeping up of appearances, which income will not justify,

is no longer in vogue. Buses, it is recognised, will serve the same purpose as taxis, and a play can be seen as well from the dress circle (or even from the gallery in the case of impecunious young people) as from the stalls! Only where hospitality is concerned will English customs necessarily die hard; and many, indifferent to their own comforts, will keenly regret that the generous entertaining associated with this country from time immemorial, must be modified to suit the exigencies of later days.

It is in this break with the past that the greater sacrifice lies, for if, as we have been lately told, 'the more recent lapses in habit are the easiest to eradicate,' it follows that the links with the traditions of years are the hardest to sever. Yet it is evident that for rich and poor alike the standard of living, whether maintained for centuries past or the outcome of social conditions since the War, must be considerably reduced from this time onwards. Already it is realised that this proposition is more reluctantly faced by the working classes than the sacrifices they have met so bravely in the past few months and which they hoped were of but temporary duration. But this reluctance would be greatly modified if those in the lower walks in life could be convinced that in the present sacrifices they are not, as their socialist leaders maintain, bearing the chief burden, and that in the oft-misapplied term 'equality of sacrifice,' others in the ranks above are taking their full share.

### NAUGHTY BOYS.

WHEN an old schoolmaster looks back on his experiences, he may well regret that he kept at the time no record at least of the humours which occasionally chequered the routine of his professional life or of the rare exciting episodes which consoled him for his choice of a humdrum career. Memory plays us strange tricks; many of the things of which one would gladly recover an accurate and detailed account have sunk into limbo, and only now and again rise to the surface of consciousness, it may be in the distorted imagery of dreams. Of course, if one meets again old colleagues and old pupils, one imperfect memory is helped out by others, and once again, as one of our Harrow poets aptly puts it:

‘On our lips are mellow quips  
Of dominie and scholar.’

But for many such opportunities come rarely, and the effort to piece together unassisted the fragments of what was once familiar as a connected story may have rather depressing results.

Stated simply and autobiographically this plaint comes to this: my thirty-four years as a Harrow master ended ten years ago. I have no intention of writing my *Reminiscences* at large, not because they would be painful, far from it, but partly because most of them could be of little interest to anyone but myself, and partly because it is very difficult to tell tales out of school without giving offence to some relative or friend of the subject of the tale, a risk which it seems almost impossible to avoid except at the cost of being colourless and dull. Hence this paper shall make no attempt at appreciation or criticism of former chiefs and colleagues, though among the Harrow masters of forty years back there were men, as it seems to me, some of outstanding character and ability, others no less conspicuous for their marked individuality, not to say eccentricity, whereas the dominies of a later period seem somehow to be made on a more conventional pattern: that, however, may not be the impression which they make on their juniors, to whom a man who seems to his contemporaries a quite ordinary person may well appear to be ‘a rum

old card.' I will confine myself almost entirely to a few scattered recollections of the interesting if irregular performances of certain boys, leaving for the most part their virtues unsung. For the essential goodness of the average English public schoolboy, in spite of certain crudities incident to the adolescence of the animal, I have a regard amounting to admiration, but it is the entertaining aberrations from virtue which come more readily to mind in the irresponsible retrospect of retirement. However, lest I should seem to be unduly preoccupied with the naughtiness which has supplied the title of this paper (unlike the stout Roman cited in the Latin grammar who said, *Odi protervum pueritiam*), let me begin with one little illustration of those generous impulses which break out not infrequently to cheer the anxious soul of the conscientious trainer of immaturity. A noted preacher came to address the school in behalf of some great missionary cause. A certain boy's father was down for the afternoon and went with his son to Chapel. As they went in, the father asked the son if he had anything to put in the collection. 'I've got a sovereign and a sixpence,' he said; 'I wonder which it'll be.' As they came out after a moving discourse, the father asked, 'Well, which was it?' 'Both, father,' said the boy almost inaudibly.

Harrow masters are, or were, supplied with a little manual of information about school customs and traditions, with practical suggestions drawn up by the wisdom of their predecessors. I may, without indiscretion, mention that the section of this confidential document entitled 'Punishments' was headed with the motto—

'Be to their faults a little blind,  
Be to their virtues over kind.'

In the spirit of this excellent advice, if not in exact conformity with its original intention, let us turn to a few examples of *protervitas*. The first of my naughty boys shall be Winston Churchill, whom I need not scruple to mention by name. He has said in print with candour and with kindness what he thought of those set over him at Harrow, and there shall be nothing uncandid or unkind said here from the other side of the relation. His feelings would not be hurt if he heard that what most impressed his seniors in his boyhood was the independence of his character: he might even not resent the remark that he seemed to them something of an Ishmael. He easily held the record for attendance at 'Extra School,' by which euphemism was signified detention on a half-

holiday afternoon: the victims, sent there usually for neglect of work, had to copy out the Latin Grammar for 2½ hours on end in a fair clerkly hand, which was secured by the provision of double-ruled paper. Though thus apparently idle in the sense that he was negligent of the studies prescribed in the ordinary curriculum, Churchill probably laid for himself at Harrow the foundations of that knowledge of English literature which has made him so facile and brilliant a master of our tongue. English literature as a 'subject' had not in those benighted Victorian days the place in the school course which, for better or worse, it holds now. Not yet, as some would put it, had the schoolmaster, in Lord Balfour's phrase, laid on our native authors 'his blighting hand.' But in indirect ways, which with this subject at least perhaps count for more than some of our very efficient modern organisers of education seem to be aware, no lack of encouragement was given to a boy who was willing to read for himself and make his own discoveries of treasure. Thus a prize was open to any boy who could say 1,000 lines of Shakespeare by heart (not learnt in school), and this guerdon Churchill obtained. Moreover his literary explorations were precocious, if it was true, as was reported, that he puzzled fifteen-year-old illiterates by urging them to read Ibsen's plays. It was also said that he wrote most of the 'essays' required of boys in his house as a 'Saturday-nighter,' viz., work set for Saturday evening in place of a prepared lesson. 'I say, Churchill,' said a boy one night, 'I've got to write an essay on "Poetry": what on earth is there to say about Poetry?' 'That's easy enough,' said Churchill, 'take your pen, and I'll dictate.' 'Poetry is the gilt on the gingerbread of life' was the opening which the astonished essayist faithfully took down; after which he probably discarded his mentor in fear of scepticism on the part of his form-master as to the authenticity of the document. My own relations with Churchill were only, so to speak, accidental, as he was never 'up to' me in school, but they illustrate his readiness of tongue. Roll-call on half-holiday afternoons is at Harrow called 'Bill'—a term which is at least less illogical than the Eton 'Absence.' The whole school files past the master on duty in the school-yard, each boy touching his hat with 'Here, sir,' as his name is called. Boys who arrive too late to take up their position in the line wait till the Bill is finished, and then report and explain themselves, receiving each a statutory punishment of 'lines,' 50 or 100 according to his place in the school: this punishment takes precedence of



all similar obligations and has to be shown up by Locking-up the same day, unless otherwise appointed. It was my week to call Bill and one afternoon Churchill was late: at the end of the ceremony a rather dishevelled figure hurried up and offered what I thought the not discreditable excuse that he had been bird's-nesting, had climbed a tree and couldn't get down again in time. I did not doubt the terminological exactitude of this statement, but discipline is discipline, and the expected 100 lines were duly set. They were not forthcoming at Locking-up, and next day I sent for the boy. As he entered my study he opened on me before I could speak: 'I know what you've sent for me for, sir; it's about those Bill-lines. Now I should like to explain.' Then followed, delivered with extraordinary volubility, a list of other disciplinary engagements which the boy had contracted: he had 100 lines to write for Mr. A., 200 for Mr. B., Mr. C. had sent him to Extra School, and so forth; and the peroration was, 'In that state of the atmosphere, sir, I don't think one could be expected to do Bill-lines.' I agreed that the atmosphere seemed to be highly charged, but pointed out that the meteorological conditions ought to have been explained to me at the time when the lines were set, and, according to custom, doubled the tale—which was paid in due course without further rhetoric.

It is not a common thing for a boy to run away from an English public-school: in some American schools, I have been given to understand, it is almost 'common form' when heavy punishment is threatened. I have had, I think, more than my share of experience of these flights from justice, and in two instances the experience was of a most unusual kind: in one case two boys contrived their 'get-away' so skilfully that they remained undiscovered for nearly four days; in the other the truant bolted three times before the school saw the last of him. Of these exceptional incidents more anon, lest the incompetence of the school authorities should be presumed. But first let me briefly tell of a runaway whose escape was not particularly sensational, but which presented some features of interest to the practical student of the psychology of the adolescent.

Stalker (that of course is not his real name), when I first knew him, was a fairly ordinary boy of fifteen, with good linguistic ability and (like Churchill, but at a distance) a rather unusual command of his native language: he was not, however, altogether

normal, having inherited a somewhat excitable temperament: he was in fact what mothers, often with less reason, call 'highly strung,' and his fellows probably considered him 'mad,' a reputation which among British boys is easily won by a quite slight deviation from the manners and customs of the herd. He began his Harrow career in one of the boarding-houses, and, so far as I remember, gave little trouble. But having, for some not very grave misdemeanour, been 'sent up' to the Headmaster, he was threatened with the birch if there was any repetition of his offence. It rested with him to see that it was not repeated, but instead (and this is the curious part of an otherwise commonplace tale), he called a council of other small boys and put the matter before them. And they unanimously decided that the only thing for him to do was to 'bunk.' So he bunked. I cannot recall where he went to, but he was retrieved without difficulty and the question was what to do with him. It seemed hard that he should suffer the extreme penalty and have his education wrecked for an offence for which the romantic folly of his friends was largely responsible. His housemaster would not take the risk of having him back, but the Headmaster, while acquiescing in his refusal, took the view that there was no case for making him leave the school. It only remained that he should stay on under closer observation as a 'home-boarder,' and as such, on the Headmaster's request, I received him into my family circle; I had not yet succeeded to a 'house.' There he stayed till the end of his time, an engaging and amusing inmate. He showed no further disposition to wander, and in school he reached what is called 'a very fair level of proficiency': he had a pleasant knack for the now discredited exercise of writing Latin elegiacs. To the end of his time he was known as 'Bunky Stalker.' (School nicknames have a curiously adhesive quality: thus, because there had once been a Robinson at Harrow whose connexion with the famous house of Peter Robinson came to light, not only he, but for many years every bearer of that not uncommon surname who came to the school was known as 'Peter.')

The first term of my tenure of a 'large' house (viz., a house of some thirty boys) was marked by an episode which I think (and hope) must be almost unique in the records of school runaways. My predecessor had warned me of a little knot of three sportsmen, to whose enterprises he hoped that he had put a stop. In his last term in the house they had possessed themselves of a gun, and persuaded a neighbouring farmer to let them keep and use

it at his farm. Thither they repaired on half-holiday afternoons, and did him the acceptable service of reducing the number of rabbits which infested his hedges. They were somehow discovered, the fowling-piece was confiscated, they were reported at headquarters and received due chastisement. A., a wild creature, the leading spirit of the band, having been previously in trouble on other accounts, was told that if he was 'sent up' to the Headmaster again, he would have to leave. B. and C., whose record was so far clean, were emphatically warned. But the inveterate spirit of sport defied these admonitions, and the syndicate, deprived of its 'shoot,' turned its attention to game nearer home. There was, I believe, at one time at Winchester a ratting club directed by a master. But it is doubtful whether, had there been at Harrow a similar institution recognised by authority, it would have satisfied the desires of this trio, for whom the slaying of vermin needed to be spiced with the danger of breaking rules.

In the term in which I took over the house, and possibly also before the end of the previous term, they used to get out of the house in the very early morning, and make ratting expeditions to the fields and hayricks round the base of the hill: of their equipment and procedure I can give no precise account. In passing, it may be remarked that to prevent a human boy from getting out of his house at night, when he has set his mind on doing so, is almost an impossibility, unless the house is made like a prison—in which case the risk of a disaster in the event of fire would be much increased: what the housemaster can do is to make it impossible, or at least very difficult, to get in again. These boys did not face this difficulty, they hid themselves near the house-door till it was opened half an hour or so before early school: they then slipped in, made any necessary changes in their clothes, and went up to school. They were betrayed eventually by their boots; dirty boots were naturally collected in the evening, and, when the man whose business it was to see to the cleaning of them found in the morning pairs heavy with Harrow clay in the rooms of A. and B., he reported to me in that sense. (C., by the way, took no part in these nocturnal sallies, though he was privy to them, or at all events, being a prudent youth, dropped out at an early stage: he therefore now quits the scene, to reappear presently in an important rôle.) Measures were then of course taken to catch the criminals red-handed—or rather yellow-footed, the circumstantial evidence so far available not being enough for conviction.

Somehow, however, they got the wind up, and made sure that they were about to be caught, if they had not been caught already: they apparently believed that I knew more than I in fact did. Which being so, the obvious course was to give up the game. But this did not commend itself to them, or at least to A., who seems to have reasoned thus—that I had practically already ‘got’ him, that he would be sent up to the Headmaster, and that in that case he would, as he had been told, be expelled or have to leave: only a fortnight of the term remained, and, if he disappeared and kept out of sight till the term was over, he would simply have ‘left’ of his own accord instead of waiting to be sent away, he would also escape the corporal infliction which would probably precede an enforced departure. With this obviously fallacious logic he persuaded B. to bolt with him, though he, not having been threatened with expulsion, had probably nothing worse to fear than a whipping. A. had a grandmother living at Cheltenham, who, he was confident, would take them both in and keep them concealed till the term was over. This was the actual plan, but, pretending to take their former partner C. into their confidence, they told him a quite different story, judging rightly that pressure would be put on him to say what he knew. It happened that on one day of the week, Tuesday, I had no early school. On a certain Tuesday in March, I was enjoying what in Harrow parlance is called a ‘frowst’ (viz. an extra hour in bed: the word also means an arm-chair and other comfortable things) when my man knocked me up to report that Messrs. A. and B. were not in their rooms when he went his round to call the house. I naturally inferred that what I had been hoping for had happened, that they had gone off on another rat-hunt, and had been unable to get back in time. I got up and despatched notes to the masters to whom they would be due at 7.30 a.m., asking them to observe the condition of these boys’ boots and report to me at breakfast-time: the presumption was that they would not have had time to change. Neither boy, I was informed, had turned up in school. C. was sent for, and it being represented to him that it was in his friends’ best interest that they should be discovered and brought back, he delivered in all good faith the story in which he had been coached: one of the pair, he understood (I forget which), had an uncle in Boulogne, and to him they were probably making their way. Accordingly the police were comprehensively informed and a thorough wild-goose chase was instituted: careful watch was kept at the southern

London termini and at the Channel ports. Subsequently it came out that a policeman had met two boys about midnight a mile or two north of Harrow, had questioned them, and had been told that they were on their way from London to a friend's house at Pinner, and having missed the last train down, had had to finish their journey on foot. Why, when the hue-and-cry was raised and descriptions of the missing Harrow boys circulated, he kept this encounter to himself remains still a mystery. Meanwhile, helped perhaps by an occasional lift, they made their way from Harrow to Cheltenham : starting late on Monday night they reached their destination on Thursday. They walked chiefly across country, carrying their boots, and only putting them on when they had to pass through a town or village. They had little money, and must surely have regretted their folly long before the goal was reached. Full details of the privations suffered never came to hand : one night at least they spent out of doors, lying by a fire made of sticks ; B. lay too near it and was rather badly burnt in his sleep ; he also caught a severe chill.

However, the venture so far succeeded, if it can be called success, that they had accomplished the journey, and that it was more than three days before they were traced. But at Cheltenham disappointment awaited them : A.'s grandmother, who behaved like a trump throughout, gave shelter to her grandson and immediately telegraphed to Harrow : but for her grandson's friend she declined to take any responsibility, he must go back to Harrow or to London, where his mother was. A. induced a bicycle-shop, where he was known, to lend B. a machine and he set off eastwards. Somewhere near Oxford he broke down, and hungry and ill went to an inn and told his story. The compassionate landlord fed him and lent him the railway fare to London, retaining the bicycle as security, and so, late on Friday night, he reached his mother's London flat in a deplorable condition. The next day she brought him to Harrow to take the flogging which he had earned but hardly needed, after which he was sent home and put to bed : he was too ill to return to school. On the following Tuesday, after a good deal of correspondence, A.'s grandmother brought him back herself : he also took his stripes and, in view of his previous record of lawlessness, was formally sent away. There was no question of pronouncing this extreme sentence on B. : in fact I pressed strongly that he should not be taken away : he had been led away by a boy older than himself, he had had his lesson and had in-

telligence enough to digest it : he was a boy of remarkable promise in mathematics destined for the Royal Engineers, and would probably have taken a high place in the Woolwich examination. But his father, who was in India, cabled that he was to be removed, and I parted with regret from an interesting if difficult pupil. He went out to India and became Superintendent of Post Offices in Burma. When the war broke out, he volunteered for field service and went to Egypt with the Field Post Office. In 1915 he returned to England and enlisted. The next year I helped him to get a commission in the R.F.A., and he was killed in action in France in November, 1916. His Major and the Chaplain both wrote of his absolute fearlessness, and the former testified that all his men 'loved him and admired him as a lion-hearted British gentleman.' His father wrote to tell me that he thought I should like to know 'that as a soldier he upheld the noble tradition of the School.' Poor A., who had been unfortunate in his early upbringing, was also a stranger to fear : he likewise, I think, made good, and had he lived till the War, it would not have found him wanting. Some years after his premature disappearance from Harrow I had a long letter from him, telling of an adventurous and withal an industrious career. Not long after he went for a holiday big-game hunting in East Africa, and there met his end : the exact circumstances have faded from my memory.

There was some romance about the adventure of these two dare-devil boys, who were not of the ordinary public-school type, but rather of that described in Mr. Kipling's *Stalky and Co.* There was nothing of the heroic about the performances of one D., who gave me my third and last experience of 'bunking.' Yet I think that his escapades (in the literal sense of the word) deserve to be put on record as a side-episode of the Great War, but for which D. would never have come to Harrow, or, if he had, would not have made so many attempts to leave it : the exceptional case of Stalker 'proves' the rule that a boy who runs away cannot come back to run away again. In early October, 1914, an American lady called on the Headmaster with a small boy whom she had brought over from France on the advice of her friends to place in an English school : she lived mostly in Paris, and the boy had been at a school in Switzerland, whither on account of the outbreak of war he was unable to return. She apparently thought that there would be no more difficulty about the matter than about taking a room for him in an hotel. (Such innocence is not uncommon : once a foreign



lady, whose boy was entered for my house, brought him at the beginning of the term, and after inspecting the boys' quarters, asked to see me and informed me that she had chosen her son's room. I had some difficulty in bringing home to her that the selection did not rest with her, and that the room she had chosen, being that always occupied by the Head of the house, was not available.)

Mrs. D.'s boy seemed a presentable little chap, and it was clearly a case for stretching a point : as under the circumstances no application to his Swiss schoolmaster was possible, and as there was a vacancy in my house, the Headmaster asked me if I would take him provisionally without a character, and I agreed to do so : he was to be regarded as 'on probation,' viz., his return to Harrow after Christmas was to depend on his conducting himself satisfactorily up to that time. The lady told us that she was going back to Paris for a few days to settle her affairs, after which she would return to England and would have the boy with her for the holidays. She had produced no references : we knew that we were taking a leap in the dark, and consoled ourselves with the hope that the boy and his mother, whatever their antecedents, would respond to the exceptional consideration shown to them. But we were mistaken : the boy, whether his shortcomings were due to defects of nature or of nurture, presently showed himself to be impossible : he was thoroughly unruly, he bullied boys a size smaller than himself, and he nearly set the house on fire. About six weeks from his start he had an unsought interview with the Headmaster, who, out of misplaced tenderness perhaps towards a first offender, instead of whipping him forthwith, gave him the chance of escaping this indignity by learning and saying by heart a prescribed piece of English poetry. He decided that this he could not possibly do, and, as it was not to be thought of that an American boy should submit to corporal punishment, he could only take the course which apparently is commonly taken under such circumstances in some schools of the States. So at 7 a.m. of a November day he bolted, without any clear idea where he was going. It was known that he had little money, so that it was probable that he had not gone far. The police were of course informed, and that afternoon I arranged with my football captain a 'run' in place of football : we divided ourselves into small parties and systematically scoured the neighbourhood, but without success. As a matter of fact D. was hiding in a garden quite near the house,

and the hunt had been chary of invading private property. He was out all night, but early the next morning, under pressure of hunger, he emerged from his fastness and ambushed himself in some shrubs near the house-door, meaning, as soon as it was open, to make a dash in and secure some food and then go off again. My gardeners coming to work detected him and brought the poor little wretch in. He was done up and ill and was of course kept in bed; instead of his visiting the Headmaster, as his offence required, that kindly potentate, Dr. Wood, paid him a clinical visit. He tried to convince the boy of the folly and selfishness of his behaviour, but could get nothing out of him but reiterations of his personal sufferings—'I was so cold. I was so hungry,' he whined. In the ordinary course of things this breakdown of the probation should have ended his Harrow career. But we now learnt that his almost equally erratic mother was not, as she had promised, returning to England, but had gone back to Chicago. Here she was assured by the Germans that London lay in ruins, and this information combined with the submarine menace made it impossible for her to think of crossing the Atlantic. There was therefore nothing for it but to keep the boy for the present; moreover on his housemaster devolved the unusual duty of providing for his Christmas holidays. I found a country clergyman who took pupils and who was willing to have him: the rest of the term passed without further trouble, and, when the lad returned to school in January, there was reason to hope that he was settling down. But after about a month, under what provocation I forget, nor is it important, he bolted again: he was missed at breakfast time. This time it seemed likely that he had made for London. Fortunately I had the address of the private hotel where his mother had stayed; as I believed that he was not known at any other London house, I argued that he would probably go there, and rang up the manager, asking him to let me know if the boy turned up and to keep him under close watch if he did, till he was sent for. This lucky shot hit the mark: he arrived at the hotel in the course of the day and was fetched back in the evening by the dignified school official and Headmaster's apparitor who is known as Custos. It might have seemed that the limit of forbearance on the part of the school authorities had again been reached. But the elusive mother outwitted us once more: enquiry of her agents at Chicago elicited that she had decided that the War provided a convenient opportunity for seeing the world, and she had started on a journey

round it, travelling westwards: the Pacific was no doubt safer than the Atlantic. She had left no instructions as to her correspondence: some weeks later I had a telegram from her asking me to address letters to her to Tokyo up to a certain date—which had been reached before I received her message. Once again the boy had to stay where he was, since he could hardly be sent away without a destination, while circumstances had made the school in a way responsible for him. Five weeks later he ran away for the third time, and again got to London. I telephoned again to the private hotel, but found that the manager's wife, who had befriended him before, had meanwhile died, and probably knowing of this he had not gone there. In the course of the day he was identified by the police in one of the parks and taken to Vine Street station. The next day, which was Easter Day, he was brought back, and the term ended on Monday. It had already been arranged that he was to go for the holidays to the same country parsonage: I now informed the good clergyman of all that had happened and made it clear that Harrow could have the boy no more: he consented to house him indefinitely till arrangements could be made to send him to his mother. In course of time she became accessible again and, showing no unwillingness that her son should risk the U-boats, sent instructions that he was to join her at Chicago; and thither he was despatched as soon as a passage and passport could be obtained. His school bills were paid, but I received not a single line from the lady, and I never heard of the boy again till some years later I was applied to for a character of him by the tutor of a Cambridge college which he proposed to enter. All things considered, I should hardly have expected him to give me as a reference. I sent the tutor a full account of his Harrow period, adding that, for aught that I knew, he might have developed into a reasonable law-abiding citizen, but that this I was not in a position to certify. I do not know if he was admitted.

The desire to recall these incidents has been my chief motive in writing this paper. But, as I have been writing, certain other less thrilling passages have come to mind, some of which may be worth recording under the comprehensive head of naughtiness. In my first term one of the senior masters, R. Bosworth Smith (known to a large public as the biographer of Lord Lawrence and author of books on Hannibal and Mahomet) was taken ill and had to be absent for some months. I was switched off from the job

to which as a new-comer I had been more fittingly set, to take his division of Fifth Form. After a few days I noticed one afternoon a curious noise at the back of the room, which stopped when I was not discoursing. After listening intently as I talked without discovering more of its cause than I know now, I in my crude inexperience asked the form what it was, and a boy volunteered 'The gas, sir.' 'If the gas doesn't behave itself,' I said, 'the form will be kept in to-morrow afternoon': and, curiously enough, the noise ceased altogether—which tends to show that the culprit was of rather limited intelligence. As soon as the words were out, I had realised that I had probably walked into a trap.

To do him justice, the public schoolboy who devises unlawful amusements to relieve the tedium of the lesson is not often so deficient in self-protective ingenuity. It was the duty of the school messenger to visit all schoolrooms every hour, bringing a book for the entering of absentees, the Headmaster's notices and so forth. This functionary was at one time an old man called Booth: I have heard that it was believed in the school that his real name was de Boots; and that he was of noble lineage. Be that as it may, his manner sometimes suggested that he considered the assistant masters, especially the younger ones, as his inferiors. He tramped up to the master's desk with a heavy tread, and thrust book and papers under his nose, however occupied he might be. One day (I was then in charge of a form in the Middle School), it seemed to me that the tramp was even noisier than I was accustomed to from de Boots' boots, and looking up from the absentee-book I observed the feet of a boy in the back row keeping time with them. I set him a heavy punishment: as he handed me the sheets of lines next day, he said, 'It was rather bad luck, sir.'—'Why was it bad luck?' I asked. 'You had your fun, and you got caught.'—'Well, sir,' he said, 'I've kept step with old Booth every time he's come into the room this term, and you never noticed. But yesterday the boy next me tried to do it, and he got out of time.' I expressed my sympathy.

These were the pranks of individuals. I do not know that I was ever the victim of an organised game in school, though the schoolmaster would be a bold man who should assert that his form had never attempted to rag him. After all, the rag may have been so successful that he was never aware of it.

Such was the success of a diverting game played at the expense of Mr. X., one of the mathematical masters, which was described

to me by a clever Irish boy who, I have little doubt, invented it. The occasion of this unwonted confidence was a 'Sixth Form dinner,' viz., a party given by a senior master to some dozen upper boys; I was one of two or three junior masters invited to meet them: this rather stodgy but not unpleasant function is now, I believe, obsolete, and boys are asked to less formal entertainments. A mathematical division then consisted of about twenty boys: Mr. X.'s division used to divide into two sides which were picked up before school, and each boy made a list of the teams; we may call them Team A and Team B. Mr. X.'s custom was to give out some work at the beginning of the hour, and then devote himself, head down, to correcting papers or writing his letters. If he heard talking or disturbance of any kind, he would say 'Silence' without looking up: if the noise grew louder, he would say 'Silence, silence,' or even repeat the word three or four times. If the required effect was not produced, he would look up, pitch on a boy and set him a written punishment. The game was evolved from study of these habits. As soon as the work was given out and the master busy with his papers, it was the duty of No. 1 in the A team to misbehave audibly: 'Silence,' said Mr. X, and the scorers, viz., the whole division, recorded a single to open A 1's score. He then ventured a little further, and notched, it might be, sundry twos and threes or even a fourer. If Mr. X. looked up and set him lines, he was out, and the innings of B 1 followed automatically, and so on, the elevens batting alternately. The sport was of course to see how far one could go without going too far. And so the fun went merrily on from school to school, till the two-innings match was finished. The excitement towards the close must sometimes have been intense. Suppose for instance that the last man had gone in, ten 'silences' were required to win, and Mr. X. was unusually alert and vindictive: prudent stone-walling with an occasional single would presumably be the policy, but prudence might succumb to the desire for a sensational finish. The inventor of this pastime, if I am right in so regarding him, was, as might be expected, more successful in classics than in mathematics: he obtained a scholarship at New College and eventually found scope for his talents in the Diplomatic Service.

To turn again from schoolroom to boarding-house—one of the housemaster's chief anxieties is the risk of fire, which in a Harrow house is really considerable, since boys have separate bed-sitting-

rooms, each provided with a fireplace. During my time one of the houses was completely gutted by a fire caused presumably by a boy's carelessness; and my predecessor told me that in the ten years of his tenure there had been ten fires—all of which were put out without sending for the Fire Brigade. An inexperienced housemaster might think that the principal danger, that of an outbreak at night originating in one of these little fireplaces, had been reduced to a minimum when he ordained that all fires should be inspected every night at the time of 'Lights out,' and, if necessary, raked out and all unused fuel removed from the rooms. But these precautions would not prevent the relighting of the fire after the inspection with surreptitious fuel and the keeping of it up with coal secreted, it might be, in the box intended for the Sunday top-hat. The housemaster may make a round before he retires, but it is known that he must eventually go to bed. The risk from illuminants is, of course, considerably lessened by the provision of electric light: yet this also provides the ingenious with fresh opportunities. Thus I found that one boy had put an electric bulb in his bed, either just to see what would happen or that it might perform the function of a hot-water bottle. If this was, as I seem to remember, the motive, the experiment was eminently successful. The boy went out and forgot all about it, and the smell of burning led to the discovery that a hole had been burnt through the bed-clothes into the mattress: fortunately it had not yet burst into flame.

Some boys nowadays are only too competent electricians. I had a boy in my house who fitted up his room with all manner of electrical apparatus kept mostly out of sight and run from batteries concealed in a hole under the floor (for the making of which a joist was cut through) and charged from the light-current, which he therefore tapped freely at my expense. The cache was closed with a piece of boarding cut out to make an unnoticeable lid, and the cork-carpet covered the place. Another cupboard was deftly made behind the panelling of the wall, and the scamp had not scrupled to remove a brick or two to give more depth. These proceedings had not indeed entirely escaped observation, but the culprit, when questioned, had, I regret to say, covered himself with the cloak of untruth. The whole enormity came to light an hour after he had left the school for good, when the surveyor and I made our terminal inspection of the house to arrange for necessary repairs and assess 'wilful damage.' I heard a vague



but probably authentic rumour of what the boy's father said when he presently received the school bill with an unusually heavy charge under this head.

Drill in the use of fire-hoses and escapes is of course part of the regular curriculum. On one of these occasions I picked out a boy, whom I judged to be unhandy, to fix the union of the hose to a tap and turn it on, the other end of the hose being pointed out of a window. When he turned on, the hose fell off and the water poured on to the floor. I said 'Now, P., what are you going to do?' and he dashed off downstairs leaving the tap running (we were at the top of the house) to fetch a pail to put under it. He was, I understood, not allowed to forget this incident.

To grumble at the school dietary is a tradition consecrated by long use. The Harrow term used formerly to end at 7 a.m., so that Londoners were home to breakfast. A boy who was doing justice to this meal was asked by his mother, 'Did they give you anything before you left Harrow?'—'Oh, a cup of tea.'—'And nothing to eat?'—'Oh, yes, we had eggs—rotten, of course.' His father, a well-known K.C., looking up from his *Times* said, 'And how many eggs did you have, boy?'—'Two, father,' he said. It was a brother of this boy who one day threw the fish provided for his breakfast out of the window, plate and all, and, when remonstrated with, explained that his family were not fish-eaters—which hardly justified the treatment of the plate which a preacher on the story of Jezebel's death called 'defenestration.'

On the rare occasions when I was absent from the house dinner it was the duty of the head-boy to preside and say grace. This boy, being then Head, one day, as I was told afterwards by the matron, after a meal which was not to his liking, said with an unmoved countenance, 'For what we have received may the Lord have mercy upon us.' No one with any knowledge of the unexpected ways in which boys, even the steadiest, break out would infer from these instances that this boy was disaffected or disloyal: he may at whiles have been lacking in self-control. He was taken prisoner at an early stage of the War, and I had entertaining letters from him in his prison-camp. As only one letter at a time was allowed to be sent, E. conducted his correspondence on what he called 'the coupon system': he wrote messages intended for various relations and friends in a very small hand consecutively on one long sheet, which he addressed to his mother: she snipped

off the several paragraphs and addressed and re-posted them. One of these communications contained an amusing description of some of E.'s fellow-prisoners, one of whom claimed to be the champion velocipedist of Manchuria. A letter of mine in reply reached the camp endorsed with initials and the irregular addition 'Cheerio.' The initials were those of an old boy who had been in the house with E., and who, not being eligible for active service, was employed in the Censor's office.

But I am becoming irrelevantly reminiscent, and must get back to my proper subject. The tricks played by boys on masters may or may not come to light: of those which they play on one another one seldom hears. Here however is a sample which happened to come under my notice. F., who had belonged for two or more years to the O.T.C. at a period before the time when that institution became practically compulsory, decided that he had had enough of drills and left the corps. Shortly after his resignation there was a Field-day, and the corps had to parade at 5.30 a.m. The day before F. had the bad taste to boast at large that he would be enjoying a jolly good 'frowst' (this word has been already translated), while his friends had to turn out of their warm beds at an unearthly hour. This got on his friends' nerves, and they devised a suitable reply. They went round and borrowed all the alarum-clocks in the house. F. was decoyed out of his room, and they hid them under his clothes in the chest-of-drawers and in other like places, having set each alarum to go off at a different time. I gathered that the plant was completely successful.

ARTHUR F. HORT.

## LITERARY ACROSTICS.

A LITERARY Acrostic is published every month, and the Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers two prizes to the most successful solvers. The winners will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. If several solvers send solutions of equal merit, the two whose answers are opened first will win the prizes.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 111.

'Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And . . . . .!'

1. 'And let us chant a passing stave,  
In honour of that ——— brave!'
2. 'But in spite of all temptations  
To belong to other nations,  
He remains an ———.'
3. 'The King hailed his keeper, an ———  
As glossy and black as a scarab,  
And bade him make sport and at once stir  
Up and out of his den the old monster.'
4. 'In such a night  
Did young ——— swear he loved her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.'
5. 'And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the ——— unblown.'
6. 'One bloom of youth, ———, beauty, happiness.'

## RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed on page i. in the preliminary pages of this issue : and he must be careful to give also his real name and address.
4. Solvers should not write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.
5. Solvers who write a second letter, to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
6. Answers to Acrostic No. 111 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50 Albemarle Street, London, W.1, and must arrive not later than November 19. No answers will be opened before this date.

## ANSWER TO No. 110.

1. S hip S
2. H amle T
3. E nn A
4. E nte R
5. N umber S

PROEM : Byron, *The Destruction of Sennacherib*.

## LIGHTS :

1. Longfellow, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Elizabeth.
2. Gray, *Elegy*.
3. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book 4.
4. Tennyson, *The Princess*, ii.
5. Shakespeare, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, 1.

Acrostic No. 109 ('Larger Growth') : The prizes are won by Miss B. Holms, Farringford, London Road, Cheltenham, Glos., and Mr. J. D. Lane, 12 St. Mary Abbot's Court, Kensington, W.14. These two competitors will choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

Will solvers, as an act of kindness, refrain from using pins, or any other metallic paper-fasteners, with their solutions ? Torn fingers take a few days to grow well again, especially in the colder months.

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